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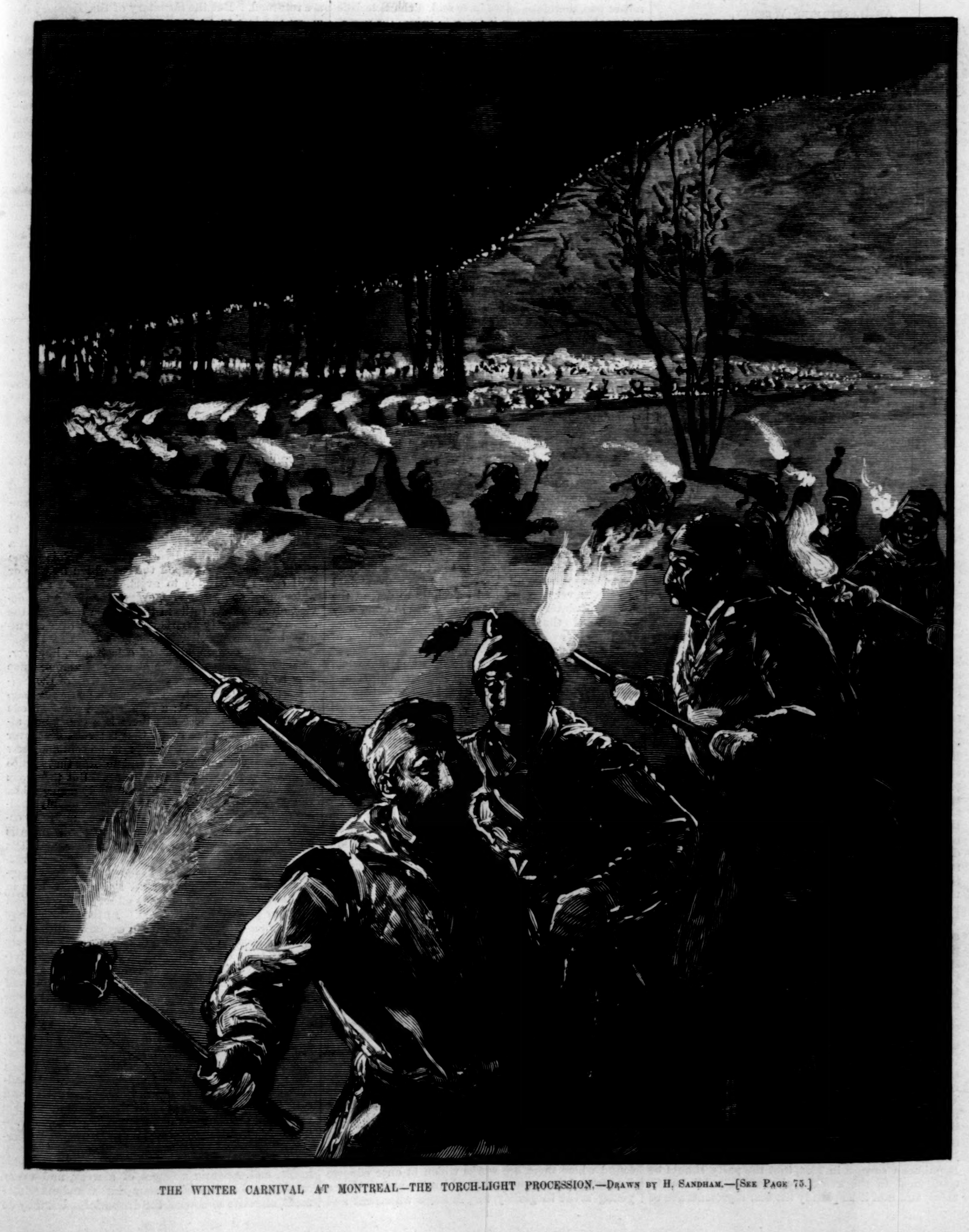


THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL—THE TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.—DRAWN BY H. SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, February 3, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published January 30, contains a rare collection of stories and sketches, viz.: "The Fort on Abbott's Hill," by James Otis; *"A Story about Mr. Du Chaillu," by* Miss L. M. Crane; *"Swimming for Life," by* David Ker; *Chapters XXI. and XXII. of "Nan," by* Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie; *and Chapter I. of "Reg," a story in four parts, by* Matthew White, Jun.

There is a most interesting article on the tiny forms of animal life found in sea-water, by Miss Sarah Cooper, *entitled "Some Dainty Morsels for the Whales."* Miss Emily Huntington Miller *contributes a poem entitled "Baby," and* Miss Susan Hartley Swett *one entitled "The Cricket and the Tea-Kettle."*

The art-work in this Number includes a beautiful wood-engraving by H. P. Walcott, *with the legend, "You Can't Come In, Jack Frost"; two drawings by* Mrs. Jessie Shepherd; *a full-page picture of "The Gorilla"; and a charming winter scene by* E. J. Meeker.

A "STALWART" VICTORY.

THE retention of the rotten borough system of delegate representation in the National Convention is called a Stalwart triumph, and certainly it has the mark of such triumphs in its total want of apprehension of the actual political situation. The two conspicuous Stalwart performances in this State within the last two years are the attempted Conkling-Platt re-election in 1881 and the State nominations in 1882. They were both characteristic of that Bourbon dullness in politics which is called Stalwartism. This is the spirit which disbelieves in popular intelligence, sneers at political honesty as sentimentality, and holds lying and cheating in public affairs to be evidence of "virility." It is touching to see the innocent Stalwart faith which thought the Whiskey Ring frauds were disproved by calling the charges "mud slinging," and which complacently sneers at the purpose of the country to break up nefarious practices in politics as snivel service reform. Indeed, this last phrase has imparted as much consolation to despondent Stalwarts as the term "Woolly Heads" applied to Republicans twenty-five years ago gave to Hunker Democrats and Silver Gray Whigs. But Republicanism prevailed.

The Stalwart victory in the National Committee consists substantially in the decision that representation in the Convention shall be based upon population and not upon party strength. The result of this decision is to make a real expression of the party preference more difficult and to make bargains easier. This is undoubtedly, as far as it goes, a characteristic Stalwart victory. But, on the other hand, the elections are to be actually district elections—an arrangement which makes the manipulation of State bosses more difficult. It would not be easy for the most candid Stalwart to show why the delegation to a National Republican Convention should not represent the real Republican strength of the country, equalized as nearly as practicable. This should be the object of every plan in regard to a Convention, because the action of the Convention loses moral weight just in the degree that it is felt not to represent the actual sentiment of the party. The fatal argument against the old method of nomination by a Congressional caucus was the evident opportunity offered by it of bargaining between members of Congress and the candidates, especially if the President were one of them. It was but natural, therefore, that in 1824, when the contest was wholly personal, the caucus nomination carried no authority. Whatever tends to disturb general confidence in the action of the nominating body is very injurious to the party, and such disturbance is inevitably produced by any scheme which favors illegitimate control of the Convention, and it is therefore a very barren victory to persuade the National Committee to approve such a scheme.

So far as this point is concerned, what is called the Stalwart victory merely makes party success more difficult in 1884. But it also increases that difficulty in another way. Mr. Chandler is reported to have said at the meeting of the committee that defeat awaited the party if the representation were not reformed. We doubt whether Mr. Chandler allowed himself to make any such admission. But the refusal to reform is an unfavorable augury of success because it shows an unwillingness to read wisely the signs of the times. It is certainly very desirable, if not indispensable to Republican success in 1884, that the party should be conformed to the evident changes in public sentiment, and that it be plainly the best representative of the best opinion of the country. Now the palpable predominance in its councils of the spirit and the leadership that were discarded in the Convention of 1880 could hardly be an earnest of victory in view of the state of political feeling disclosed by the last elections. The action of Congress in the prompt passage of the reform bill was a much greater Republican advantage than some of its supporters probably supposed. It showed a thorough sense of the situation. But the conduct of the committee is discordant with that of Congress, and defies a clearly expressed public opinion. The vote which was so independent at the election was largely a Republican vote. Now a second adverse vote is always easier than the first, and that protesting vote of 1882 will not be recovered merely by practically announcing that the party sees no reason to change its methods and its management. Such victory as was won by Stalwartism in the committee was, therefore, as we have said, a characteristic Stalwart victory because it tends to injure the party. The one thing which, since the election, is a hopeful evidence of Republican vigor is the passage of the reform bill. But while we gladly acknowledge the efficient aid that it received from certain gentlemen known as Stalwarts, it will not be claimed as in any sense a Stalwart measure, but, on the contrary, it is known to be repugnant to Stalwart sentiment. Indeed, the history of two years shows pretty plainly that if Republican dominance be desirable, Stalwart victories are not to be prayed for.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS DECISION.

THE Supreme Court has pronounced the conspiracy clause of the Ku-Klux law, section 5519 of the Revised Statutes, to be unconstitutional. At the time of its passage it was held to be authorized by the Fourteenth Amendment, which lays certain restriction upon State action. The substance of the decision is that under that amendment the United States can protect the civil rights of individuals only when violated by State authority. But for a simple conspiracy against such rights the remedy must be sought under State law.

The sound opinion of the Court, which commends itself to every intelligent mind, shows the groundlessness of the fear expressed by ex-Governor Seymour in his late article in the *North American Review*, that there is a dangerous centralizing tendency in the government. The loose, vague, and perilous Jeffersonian-Virginia-and-Kentucky-resolution theory of the Union has been happily discredited by the war. Of that theory Calhoun was the logical advocate in asserting the superior sovereignty of the States. But the declaration of the true doctrine of national supremacy, with distinctly defined State authority, is one of the great traditions of the Supreme Court, and its present decision is in strict accordance with it.

The long and terrible civil war sprang from the dogma of State sovereignty invoked to protect and perpetuate slavery. It was natural that at its close the tendency to magnify the national authority should have been very strong, and especially to defend the victims of slavery. That tendency was in every way preferable to the disposition to connive at the crimes of the old slavery spirit under the same old plea of State sovereignty. In a calmer time the laws passed under that humane impulse are reviewed, and when found to be incompatible with strict constitutional authority, they are set aside. It is another illustration of the singular wisdom of our constitutional system.

A DISGRACEFUL TAX.

THE grotesque difficulties and injustice of the tariff appear in many ways, and there are two or three illustrations which have been recently reported that deserve attention. Attempts have been often made to tax American invalids who use the mineral waters of Europe. But Congress drew the line of protection at that point, and declined to levy a tax upon the efforts of the sick to get well. Congress, however, could not outwit the indefatigable ingenuity of the owners of American mineral springs, who obtained a ruling from the Secretary of the Treasury that the bottles and jugs in which the European water was imported must pay a tax of about thirty per cent., although the jugs and bottles are useless for any other purpose. Emboldened by success, the same interest has now pushed on, and proposes to change the duty to one and a half cents per pound, which would quadruple the tax, and make it about one hundred and twenty per cent.

But a tax even more grotesque is that upon pictures and statues. The dream of every poor American boy who feels the instinct of the artist stirring within him is to save and save until, by the most careful self-denial and economy, he can lay by money enough to carry him over the ocean to see and study the great works of the great masters of his art. Every lover of art feels that the most serious impediment for the art student in this country is the want of what he calls an atmosphere of art, which is only to be found where there are works which at once educate the taste of the community and inspire and teach the young artist to gratify it. A more whimsical and barbarous device in a civilized and actively developing nation can hardly be conceived than a prohibition of the means by which such taste is to be fostered and such talent encouraged. Such a prohibition is a proscription of genius. It is saying to Raphael and Michael Angelo, to Titian and Turner, to the refining and humanizing influences of beauty and grace as revealed in all historic and contemporaneous art, that they are not welcome to America, and shall be treated as invaders and enemies. A consequence of this foolish exclusion is well shown by Mr. F. D. Millet in a recent letter. An exhibition of the pictures of one of the most distinguished living English artists, Alma Tadema, is proposed in London. Some of the most important of his pictures are owned in this country. The owners are willing to loan the pictures for the exhibition, provided that they are guaranteed against payment of the duty upon them when they are returned. But the Secretary of the Treasury declares the law to be explicit, and upon the present value of the pictures, which the customs appraisers may determine, the return duty would be much greater than the original.

Could anything be more ludicrous and more shameful for a generous and civilized nation? Mr. Tadema is to be denied the advantage of exhibiting his pictures owned in this country because his greater fame makes those pictures more valuable, and the reason alleged is that if good pictures by foreign artists are permitted to come into the country, the production of good pictures in America will be checked. Does the introduction of beautiful foreign shrubs and plants ruin the American florist? Was the Parthenon built or the "Last Judgment" painted by promoting ignorance of the great achievements of art, and shutting up Athens and Rome to a stifling provinciality? American artists are wiser than American legislators, and the Society of American Artists has recently passed a resolution which Congress, in revising the tariff, may well heed:

> "*Resolved*, That the attention of the present Tariff Commission and of Congress should be called to the fact that whereas the United States of America is the only leading nation in the world that has not inherited the works of art of any great epoch of the past, it is at the same time the only nation that puts a penalty, by means of a tariff, upon the importation of works of art, both ancient and modern, and that in the opinion of this society all works of art should be excepted from the payment of duties, both in the interest of art in general and of American art in particular."

THE LOSS OF THE "CIMBRIA."

OUR remark of last week that improvement in the means of saving human life does not keep pace with all other improvement is sadly verified by the terrible catastrophe of the *Cimbria*, the Hamburg steamer which was run down by the steam-ship *Sultan* on Friday, January 19, on the way from Hamburg to Havre, sinking within a quarter of an hour, with a loss of nearly four hundred passengers. This is one of the great disasters upon the sea which no care or skill seems to be able to avert. Maritime signals, water-proof compartments, every life-preserving device, often become futile in the terrible hour, and the ocean remorselessly asserts its supremacy over the utmost human ingenuity.

There are certain kinds of catastrophe, however, which seem to be avoidable at sea, and among these may be included such a collision as that of the *Sultan* with the *Cimbria*. There was a dense fog; signal-whistles were heard; a ship is suddenly seen one hundred and fifty feet off; there is a crash, and almost immediately the vessel that is struck heels over and sinks. So far as now appears, officers and crew and passengers behaved well, and nothing that science has devised for safety was wanting. But there was not a storm. Both vessels were entirely manageable, and it would seem that if both had been merely holding their headway, so fatal a crash need not have occurred. The most baffling enemy of the seaman is fog. It destroys the possibility of seeing, and it is now said that it also paralyzes sound. The only reasonable course to pursue is to move as slowly as possible. But the accounts of the sailing of vessels in fogs show generally that they either dash on at full speed or proceed at half speed. In the crowded bay and harbor of New York, when serious collisions occur, it is because vessels are doing more than merely keeping their headway. When the Staten Island ferry-boat *Castleton* was run down by the sea steamer *Spain* a few years ago, the *Spain* was moving out of the harbor, not perhaps at full speed, but with the consciousness of superior force to any craft that she was likely to encounter.

There is no easy method of enforcing a rule regulating speed during a fog. The management of vessels under such circumstances depends very much upon the temperament of the commander. An adventurous and bold captain naturally takes risks and runs for luck, depending upon the momentum of his vessel and the chapter of chances. The prudent captain holds his cautious way, and in the midst is overtaken and run down. The perils of the sea are very little diminished. Iron hulls, and collision bulkheads, and Atlantic voyages of a week, and every comfort and luxury of accommodation and entertainment, alleviate somewhat the discomforts, but they do not obviate the dangers, of a sea-voyage. But the great number and variety of disasters by sea and land which have marked this winter will certainly emphasize the fact that running for luck is not the conduct of wise men or of a sensible community.

BULLION CERTIFICATES.

Mr. J. W. Sylvester, of the Assay Office, has issued a little pamphlet making a simple and valuable practical suggestion for a safe currency. The actual use of coin in business transactions is so small as to be computed at only five per cent. of the whole amount. Mr. Sylvester proposes that the bulk of bullion be manufactured into fine bars, with the weight and fineness stamped upon them, and that such bars of a defined fineness be made legal tender for their stamped value.

The government is to keep the bars on deposit, issuing for them certificates of deposit redeemable upon presentation. The certificates, of any fractional value, secured by bullion actually upon deposit and always ready to be delivered, would be the equivalent of gold, and circulate as banknotes or legal tenders, and for convenience would be greatly preferable to coin. Mr. Sylvester estimates that nine-tenths of the present coinage would be dispensed with, as the only need of coin would be to supply the occasional demand of holders of small certificates.

The application of this scheme to silver bullion is more difficult. Mr. Sylvester thinks that silver bars might be treated in the same manner, and made legal tender at the market value of silver calculated in gold. This relative value he would have authoritatively determined each business day in the year, and that determination should fix the relative legal value for the next business day. This is more uncertain. But the uncertainty is inevitable in the attempt to deal with a double standard. Mr. Sylvester's proposition in regard to gold bullion is certainly admirably simple and feasible.

LIEBER'S LETTERS.

The massive head and the serious, half-melancholy face of the portrait in the *Life and Letters of Francis Lieber* vividly recall that earnest, thoughtful, and learned man. The book itself, edited by Professor Perry, is a delightful contribution to our literature, for the freedom and familiarity of Lieber's letters, and the shrewdness of his perception, made him one of the most charming of correspondents. Neither time nor fate could affect the simplicity, enthusiasm, and tenderness of his nature. Age did not wither him, nor custom stale the generous impulse which led the boy of fifteen joyfully to Waterloo and Greece.

Those who saw the grave elderly professor could not readily believe that his young life had been singularly romantic. He grew up with the young Germany of the earlier part of the century, with which hatred of Napoleon was a kind of religion, and among the noble labors of his life none was nobler than that of founding political liberty upon a moral basis, and expounding the moral sanctions of law. From 1835 to 1857 Lieber filled the chair of history in the University of South Carolina, at Columbia. It was a long and sad exile for him. His friends were all elsewhere, and he had no sympathy with the life, the opinions, and the tendencies of the society around him.

The sense of isolation, however, gave him all the more leisure for his real work, the preparation of his treatises upon political science, which are the most important that have appeared in this country. His ardent and effusive nature also constantly overflowed into letters, which are a most interesting series of comments upon the quarter of a century preceding the civil war, by a man of foreign birth, but of the truest American sympathies and of a strong mental grasp, living unwillingly in the very heart of the secession movement. When the war came, his great knowledge and experience made him a most useful counsellor of the government, as the book shows. With admirable judgment Professor Perry has so skillfully disposed the letters that they tell the story of the life, and make an autobiography so singularly interesting that all who knew Dr. Lieber personally will rejoice to know that their admiration will be now confirmed by a more general public appreciation.

THE GREEK LEXICON.

The seventh edition of the Greek-English Lexicon of Liddell and Scott, just issued by the Harpers, is a noble work. It has been revised and augmented throughout with large additions, and in this work the editors have had the great advantage of the co-operation of the most accomplished American scholars, of which they make honorable mention: "We have gratefully to acknowledge the assistance rendered us by many scholars. More particularly must we mention the names of Professors Drisler, of New York, Goodwin, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Gildersleeve, of Baltimore. Professors Goodwin and Gildersleeve have rewritten several important articles, which their well-known grammatical learning makes peculiarly valuable; we may specify the articles on *ἄν, εἰ, ἐπεί, ἔστε, ἵνα, ὅπως, ὅτε, ὁπότε, οὐ, μή*, and *πρίν*: the former has also supplied some excellent additions to Attic law terms, such as *γραμματεύς, παραγραφή, σύνδικος, ὕβρις, ὑπωμοσία*. Professor Drisler has gone carefully over the whole book, and there is hardly a page which does not bear some trace of his accurate observation." The work, which is invaluable to every student of Greek, is finely printed, and it is bound in the most convenient style.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY.

At the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League last summer three addresses were authorized—one to the voters of the United States, one to the clergy of all denominations, and one to the friends of education and the authorities of schools and colleges. The first address was issued just before the election in November, the second has been just issued, and the third is in preparation. The address to the clergy is signed by the Hon. John Jay, chairman; and by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., of Boston; the Right Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, of Buffalo; the Rev. Samuel J. Niccolls, D.D., of St. Louis; the Rev. J. Andrews Harris, D.D., of Philadelphia; and the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., of New York.

The names and the standing of these gentlemen well illustrate the extent of the interest in the subject, and the character of those who are interested. The question is not one of party, but of political morality, to which none more than the clergy would be naturally attracted, and the address just issued calls especial attention to a branch of the subject which hitherto has not been made prominent—the effect of the spoils system of appointment upon the treatment and welfare of the most helpless class in the community—the recipients of public charity. The clearly defined facts and the cogent reasoning of the address upon this point will arouse renewed interest in one of the simplest and most beneficent of reform movements.

The address is brief, and is to be obtained for circulation, at the most moderate price, at the office of the League, No. 4 Pine Street, New York.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.

The venerable James Watson Webb, ex-Minister to Brazil, and long the editor of the old *Courier and Enquirer*, who will complete his eighty-first year on the 8th of February, writes cheerfully to the *Times* to correct a statement of his greater age, and adds some striking reminiscences.

In 1819 Mr. Webb was a young lieutenant of artillery, and he says:

> "I was stationed at Detroit when its population was only 2000; it is now upward of 150,000. I was stationed at St. Louis when its population was 25,000; it now exceeds 550,000. I was stationed at Chicago ten years before the first house was erected, and its present population exceeds 600,000. When I first passed through Buffalo, in 1819, it contained some fifty houses, and it now boasts a population of nearly 300,000. At that time the shipping of Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan consisted of one steamer, the *Walk-in-the-Water*, lying high and dry on the shore near Buffalo, three small schooners, the *Decatur*, the *Jackson*, and the ——, and one hermaphrodite brig belonging to Canada."

As adjutant of the Third Regiment, Mr. Webb passed up the Fox River and down the Wisconsin:

> "Now all Wisconsin and the west bank of the Mississippi are well-settled flourishing States. And all this during the active period of a single life. Then all the region of which I write was a solitary wilderness, occupied by the Indian only and the game upon which he lived. Now it boasts a population of nearly twenty millions of intelligent, enterprising, and prosperous freemen."

REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENTS.

The close of the Revolutionary centennial season is a fitting time for the passage of the Revolutionary monument bill by Congress. We have more than once called attention to this measure, and the completion of the monument on the Saratoga battle-field, the movement for the memorial at Valley Forge, and the impending celebration at Newburgh, which will close the series of commemorations, naturally renew public interest in the subject.

The bill before Congress provides that whenever any incorporated State association shall have begun to raise money to erect a memorial upon a Revolutionary battle-field, it shall be entitled to receive one dollar from the public Treasury for every dollar raised by its own efforts, within a limit to be specified. There are proper safeguards provided against unauthorized payments on foolish undertakings, and thus the chief objection that might be offered is readily removed.

Such a bill is its own argument. When jobbery has been prevented, every old State, and every new State sprung from the old, will naturally favor its passage. In our swift national life whatever recalls with honor the great deeds and the great men that helped to make us a nation is a priceless benefit. The proposition of the bill concerns, of course, a sentiment, but patriotism and love, the strongest social and moral forces, are no more. Grants for such memorials will not return in dividends of money. They are like appropriations for flags and salutes. But the reason and the merits of the bill are so obvious that, could it once be brought to a vote, it is not doubtful that it would pass. New York is one of the original States interested, and we are sure the Senators and Representatives would gladly support a well-considered bill.

PERSONAL.

Herr Most, the anarchist, was sent to jail in London for expressing his delight at the murder of the Czar, but was very generally ignored in Chicago for exhorting the inhabitants of that city to "kill every one now ruling over the people." The *Pall Mall Gazette* thereupon takes occasion to notice "the wiser tolerance of the Americans."

—Professor Felix Adler assures the Society for Ethical Culture that "the bond that attracts man to woman always begins with admiration. As the Brooklyn Bridge grew from its first wire, so love springs from admiration. Women acknowledge the difference, but not the inferiority, of their sex, by their admiration for masculine strength; and unless a man has some strength, mentally or physically, he can never attract any but silly misses."

—The late Bishop Wilberforce's diary contains the following: "It is hard to convince a person like the Archbishop of York that you do not agree with him—(1) because his self-importance makes him almost unable to apprehend such a possibility; (2) because it leads him so perpetually to repeat his own assertions that it is not easy, without a seeming breach of courtesy, to force in the mention of your own opinions."

—On his fifty-fourth birthday the Tichborne claimant, still in Portsea Prison, was allowed to receive a visit from his two sons. He showed them "a first-class conduct badge" which he wears for good behavior.

—The reading of Dante, says Mr. Gladstone, "is not merely a pleasure, a *tour de force*, or a lesson; it is a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man. In the school of Dante I have learned a great part of that mental provision (however insignificant it may be) which has served me to make the journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years."

—A correspondent of the *Lancet* writes: "There is just now a demand for highly educated young women for work requiring all those qualities of mind which doctors' girls may be supposed very often to inherit, being such as tend to the success of medical men, viz., an interest in anatomy, a quickness to note the movements and appearance of the body, and a desire to relieve the suffering of their fellow-creatures." He refers to the work of teaching the deaf and so-called dumb to communicate by the oral or German method. There is a college in England where this method is taught. The number of deaf and so-called dumb persons in the United Kingdom is about the same as the number of "qualified medical men."

—John Bright's sister, Mrs. Margaret B. Lucas, said at a temperance meeting that women are the greatest sufferers by drink, and the hardest to convince as to the necessity of total abstinence.

—*Punch* thinks that at the present festive season even paupers might be permitted to enjoy the festivities of music and dancing, and suggests to any benevolent board of guardians the idea of a workhouse ball at least once a year. "Sets of workhouse quadrilles and workhouse waltzes might be composed expressly for such entertainments, and the dance music might include a *Menuet de la Maison d'Industrie*. It might do the hearts of some of the parishioners good to attend a *bona fide* charity ball."

—Mr. W. W. Astor, our Minister to Rome, has organized in that city an American club, with reading, card, dress, billiard, and conversation rooms.

—Patti is said to receive $4000 every night she sings, and Nilsson $2000.

—That distinguished octogenarian surgeon, Dr. Willard Parker, has been seriously ill from a cold.

—While on his trip to Charleston, the Marquis of Lorne had a difficulty with the railroad authorities, who wanted to charge him $900 for towing his two special cars from Richmond to that city. Having explained that he did not propose to be gouged, the Marquis bought tickets for all the seats in a Pullman car, transferred his baggage and the Princess Louise's "things" to it, and proceeded on his journey, leaving the special cars behind.

—In his newest poem, Mr. Swinburne announces that love is "the loyalest and lordliest born of things."

—Dr. W. Robertson Smith's professorship at Cambridge is a non-resident one. His chair is that of Arabic.

—The many friends and admirers of the Rev. Dr. William H. Milburn in and about New York will be pleased to learn that the distinguished lecturer contemplates giving during Lent a popular course at Chickering Hall. His subject will be, "The Great Orators, from Demosthenes to Webster and Clay." These lectures are historical and picturesque rather than critical and technical, and will prove a positive treat to those who hear them. The first will be delivered on Thursday, February 15, at eleven in the morning, and the others on the Mondays and Thursdays following. The success of the previous morning course, given in the same hall last spring, on "The Great Poets," was very marked, and judging from the rapid sale of tickets for the Lenten lectures, they will be received with equal favor.

—The Boston *Advertiser*, while admitting that "the rest of the country has been making fun" of Bostonians on account of their partiality for baked beans, finds comfort in the thought that the Bostonians have been forcing all creation to eat their dish at their price.

—An English editor expresses his amazement that an unmarried lady should expatiate to married ladies on such a subject as "How to Wash a Baby." "Such was the case, though. Thirty women listened the other night, in the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Hobart's hints on baby-washing, which were illustrated with a live specimen lent for the occasion by a young mother in the audience."

—Women are to be employed as clerks in the French post-offices, beginning their operations in the Money-order Department. They know how to give orders about money.

—Bonnât, Bastien Lepage, and Antonin Proust were successful in making sketches of the dead Gambetta at Ville d'Avray, but Meissonier came away without having accomplished his purpose.

—Advertisement in the London *Queen*: "Address wanted of a lady who will embroider my initials on my own linen. E. L. C., Timaru, Kemnal Wood, Chislehurst."

—The King of Portugal has had his town residence connected with the Lisbon Telephone Exchange, and is said to be the first monarch to do such a thing.

—Arabi Pasha's wife did not accompany him in his exile to Ceylon. She is living in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, where she is known as Madame Arabi. Although dressing in European costume, she is Orientally veiled when on the streets.

—Mr. Edmund Yates observes: "I do not think that artists should be too literary. Therefore I decline to find fault with the *naïf* grammar with which Mr. Millais has just lauded John Leech: 'Few of we painters will leave such good and valuable work as he has left.' Let the worry of pronouns and their cases be left to we journalists; they need not oppress the mind of he who painted the grand old man so grandly."

—The majority of French journalists, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *World*, have strange ideas of dignity and self-respect. Scandal—that is their great resource. A Parisian celebrity is reported to be ill, for instance. Straightway a dozen reporters besiege his door and insist on having information. If he has the intruders turned out, they go and publish some horrible calumny on him. The accident to M. Gambetta is a case in point.

—M. Got, the celebrated actor of the Comédie Française, will receive this year in salary and perquisites about eight thousand dollars.

—Louise Michel, the French socialist, is tall and thin, with square shoulders, and a high but somewhat receding forehead. She dresses in black, and wears a long black veil. Her voice is clear, and her utterance fluent and distinct. She demands that women shall have the right to work on equal terms with men.

—The "Congress of Professors of French," held recently in London under the presidency of the French Consul-General, has resolved to admit governesses "as adherent members of the society."

—The decorations and furniture of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's Japanese parlor, which adjoins his drawing-room, cost thirty thousand dollars.

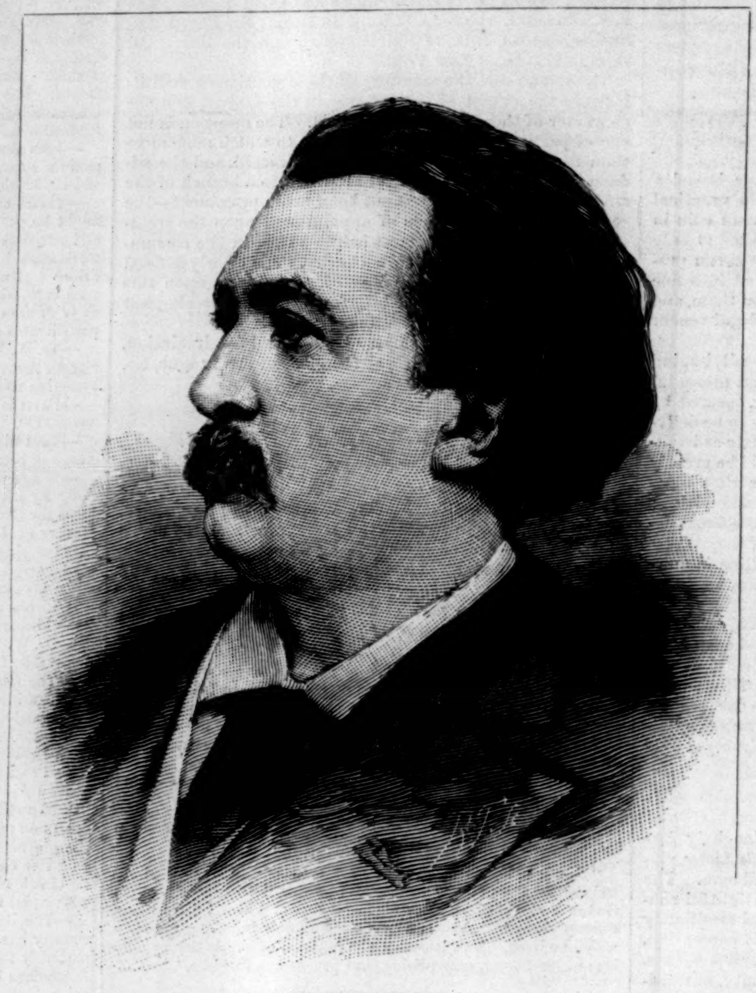
—Mr. George Inness's monthly lectures before the Composition Class of the Art Students' League are making a deep impression upon his listeners.

—Professor Ernest Haekel writes from Ceylon, where he has been travelling, that he procured the greatest delicacies for his table by hunting. Of these delicacies the best was roast monkey. "This noble game proved excellent, whether freshly roasted or laid for some time in vinegar." The flesh of the flying-fox was less agreeable, but the gigantic lizard when cooked resembled veal. On one occasion the chief of a village gave the professor a reception, and "a band of five tom-tom-beaters and as many flute-players began to make a noise that would soften a stone. At the same time two dancers, on stilts twelve feet high, executed the most wonderful evolutions. Meanwhile the chief's daughters, plump, black-haired maidens, from twelve to twenty years of age, with very delicately shaped limbs, offered toddy or palm wine in cocoa-nut shells, and cakes and fruit. Unfortunately I could not understand a word of the long speech which the chief addressed to me, but I made out that he was telling me he considered my visit a great honor—an idea that was pantomimically carried out by ten naked painted and decorated dancers, who jumped madly round my throne."

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE sudden and unexpected death of this eminent artist sent a thrill of sorrow and regret through two continents. His popularity was not confined to his own country. He was as well known in England and America as he was in France; and his own countrymen can not grieve more sincerely over his untimely decease than do the people on this side of the world, who have admired him and his work ever since he became known here through the publication of his illustrations to the legend of the Wandering Jew.

His life has been one of extraordinary industry and success. Born at Strasburg in 1832, he went to Paris in his thirteenth year, and finished his youthful studies at the Lycée Charlemagne, and when only fifteen was employed on the *Journal pour Rire*. He also sent some pen-drawings to the Salon in 1848, and continued to exhibit every succeeding year. In 1857 his work received honorable mention, and the exceptional merit and originality of his designs were recognized on every hand. The fertility of his imagination was marvellous, and not less so was the amount of work which he accomplished. This, indeed, was to be regretted. So eager was he to produce the weird and fantastic drawings which were so popular that he gave himself no opportunity for the reflection and study which would have developed his extraordinary powers of mind, and enabled him to achieve something greater than anything he has done in painting or design.



PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ.

DORÉ's works are so numerous that a mere catalogue of their titles would fill a large volume. It has been estimated that his designs number more than 50,000; and at the time of his death his imagination was as fertile as ever, and his hand had lost none of its cunning. Of course there is a vast amount of rubbish among these drawings. Many of them, like the razors in Peter Pindar's story, were "made to sell"; and, unfortunately for DORÉ's fame, they did sell. No other artist ever had a following so large and enthusiastic. Everything which he produced was eagerly caught up. Art was with him an industry. He drew innumerable pictures for illustrated journals, in almost every phase of art—caricature, landscape, pathos, satire; and in all his facility was simply wonderful. But his fame rests chiefly on his book illustrations. His designs for the works of RABELAIS, the *Wandering Jew*, BALZAC's *Contes Drolatiques*, the Essays of MONTAIGNE, *Don Quixote*, DANTE's *Inferno*, TENNYSON's poems, MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, the Bible, COLERIDGE's *Ancient Mariner*, etc., gave him a world-wide celebrity. The sale of these works was immense, and their popularity has not declined with time. They are held, as a matter of course, in various grades of estimation, on the one hand lauded to the skies, on the other condemned with every possible note of depreciation. The true estimate lies between these extremes. "It is hazardous," says Mr. JARVIS, "to undertake to analyze the gifts of a man who, at only thirty-two, has made nearly fifty thousand designs, and won universal fame; who is cosmopolitan in his choice of subjects, as familiar with the great writers of England, Germany, Italy, and Spain as with his own, and who finally laid the whole Orient under contribution by illustrating anew for the nineteenth century the Bible." Again, dwelling on a certain cast of DORÉ's mind, Mr. JARVIS says: "If the prominent trait of DELACROIX was physical force, that of DORÉ is fiendish horror. That which devils most enjoy he most heartily depicts.... Even DANTE, reared in mediæval notions of theology and politics, finds some springs of tenderness, and always of faith, in his soul; but DORÉ, in translating his *Inferno* into pictorial French, discards all humanity, and presents the horrors of the Dantesque imagery in forms more appalling than the original."

The first of DORÉ's works which made a decided impression in this country was his *Wandering Jew*. Here his imagination had full play, and he gave it a loose rein. No other of his works approaches it in grotesque, grim horror. The power of these designs is undeniable; the work immensely enhanced DORÉ's reputation, and the demand for his designs became so clamorous that his publishers could not supply it. His Bible illustrations, engraved by the greatest masters of the art in France, were no less popular, and his Milton and Tennyson went through many editions. The magnificent edition of his *Don Quixote*, published at vast expense, and with every luxury of paper, printing, and binding, proved to be so popular that the plates were used in many cheaper editions in America and England.

None of DORÉ's recent works has had a more extended sale in this country than his *Ancient Mariner*. COLERIDGE's weird and fantastic poem presented a magnificent field for the display of DORÉ's best qualities. Here was everything to excite and nothing to trammel his imagination. The excellence and beauty of his illustrations were at once acknowledged. They took a strong hold on the public, and the volume, which was brought out in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, by arrangement with the author and his Paris publishers, became at once one of the most popular gift-books of the season—a popularity which it still retains.

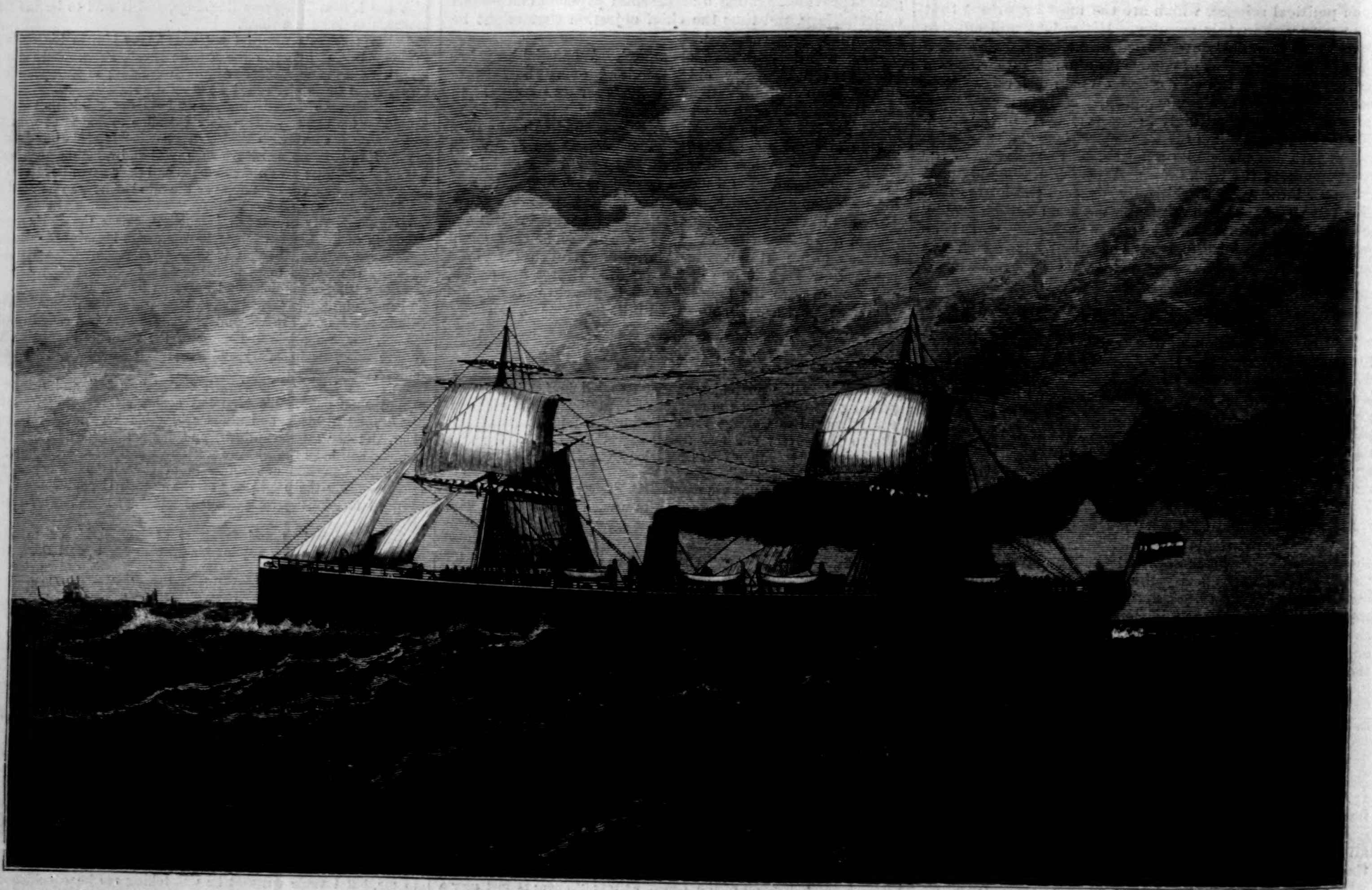
The success of this remarkable work suggested to HARPER & BROTHERS the idea of engaging GUSTAVE DORÉ to illustrate a volume for their house; and in the course of the correspondence which ensued it transpired that the artist was already meditating a series of illustrations to POE's *Raven*, a poem which had taken a strong hold on his imagination. The wonderful advance which the art of wood-engraving had made in this country convinced him that nowhere else could his designs be more faithfully and artistically rendered. Other work, already on hand, prevented him from prosecuting this scheme until last summer, when he took it up with his accustomed energy. The designs, twenty-six in number, were executed in about sixty days, and sent to this city to be engraved. They were at once placed in the hands of the most distinguished men in the profession, by whom no pains have been spared to render them in the best and most effective style of which wood-engraving will admit. The designs are among the most remarkable of the long series of illustrations which have come from DORÉ's hand, and they will be published in a form and style worthy of the master's work. The volume, now ready for the press, will be similar in size and shape to the *Ancient Mariner*, and will contain twenty-four full-page engravings, and two smaller ones, with a portrait of the artist.

It is an interesting fact that DORÉ's last and in many respects his best work should have been executed for an American publishing house, and put on wood by American engravers. He was sanguine of its success, and competent critics who have seen proofs taken from the finished blocks assert that nothing finer has ever been done in wood.

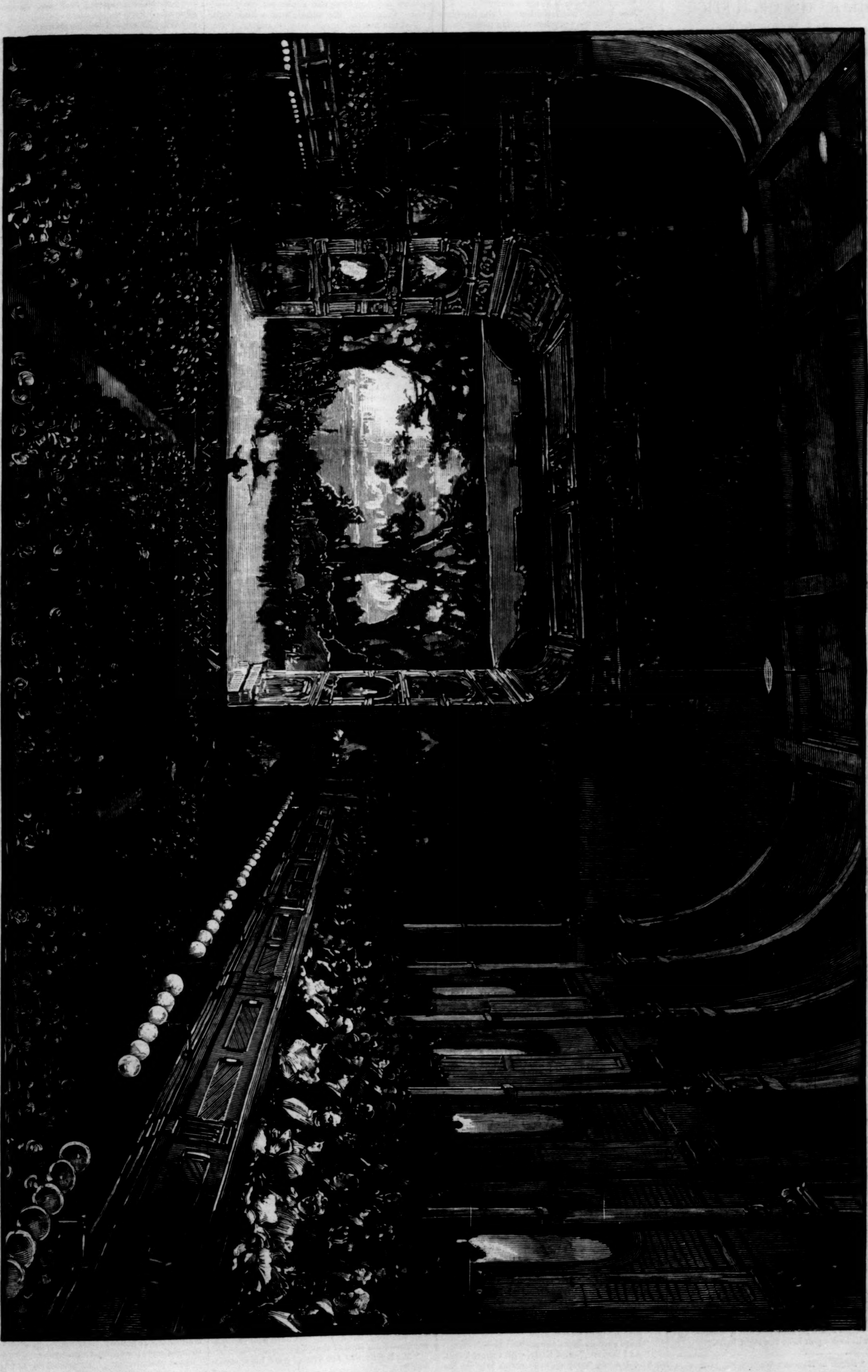
DORÉ was unmarried. His home is thus pleasantly described in a recent letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

> "He has lived for years in his mother's house in the Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, the ancient, historic faubourg, so full of ministerial residences and old aristocratic hôtels. His home is approached through a huge porte cochère, opening into a court-yard, where you mount a broad staircase, and reach a large apartment furnished after the French manner, but filled with artistic objects and mementos of every sort. There are bits of armor, pictures, engravings, books, bric-à-brac, musical instruments, tapestry, curious weapons, china, souvenirs, several small dogs, to which the artist is much—I should say irrationally—attached; whatever, in short, may lead to picturesqueness and comfort. He has a small studio near the apartment, and does much of his work there. He has also in the Rue Bayard a large studio, one of the finest, if not the finest, in the city."

DORÉ died on Tuesday, January 23. He caught cold on the previous Friday, while returning to his home from a soirée. Inflammation of the throat set in, and despite all effort it was impossible to arrest its progress. He died in the fullness of his powers, and when he had reason to look forward to many years of active life.



THE STEAM-SHIP "CIMBRIA," SUNK BY THE "SULTAN," OFF BORKUM.—[SEE PAGE 74.]



THE CINCINNATI OPERA FESTIVAL—SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "LOHENGRIN."—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 78.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience,"
"Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity,"
"For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER IX.

"THEY ARE VERY MUCH ALIKE."

They were strange, almost unaccountable feelings with which Lucy Brake watched the approach of Kitty Vanch. She did not think till then that matters foreign to herself and her grave thoughts of life could have so materially affected her. She was afraid her hand was trembling, for little Morice looked up into her face as if for an explanation of it, and she was sure her heart was beating very rapidly.

After all, what did this meeting portend? The explanation was not likely to be elaborate, and the story of Greg's love for her could be treated so lightly that her listener might by the very force of example be brought to regard it lightly too. And if she, Lucy Brake, were sentimental, of a surety Kitty was not. Kitty looked at life practically, and yet was so fond of Greg that she was certain to forgive, perhaps laugh at, Greg's romance. And if it were romance! thought Lucy, as though some doubt of Master Dorward's *bona fides* crossed her mind even at that instant.

How to begin, in what way to dash into a delicate subject, and conclude it satisfactorily before Farm Forlorn was reached, was not so clearly apparent to her as it had been, and now that the distance between her and Kitty was diminishing with every moment.

Kitty was walking briskly; she had seen them, and increased her pace just at the time when Lucy had wished she would saunter more slowly by the way, or wait for them to come up with her.

Was this task beyond her strength, after all? thought Lucy. She was a weak woman, seriously weak in argument and self-possession; and yet she expected to influence one whose strength of character was certainly greater than her own, and whom she did not wholly understand. She might set her against her, just as she was learning to be loved, and proud of the affection she had drawn toward herself. She hoped not that, for there was in her mind even the wild fancy that they were being drawn together for some reason, inexplicable and strange, and that the time was advancing when they would be of help to one another. All fancy this, but not to be set aside in the mind of one whose life wild fancies had influenced and marred, and who would escape by fancy still if possible from the grim realities by which she was surrounded.

Kate Vanch had reached her now; little Morice had run on to meet her, and was jumping with delight at her side, and asking many questions, and Kate was bright with smiles.

"I did not think to find you on the Bleathorpe road," said Kate; "I came a little way to meet Greg. You have seen him, Morice tells me?"

"Yes, I have seen him," repeated Lucy, somewhat confused at being thus forestalled.

Kitty regarded her curiously, perhaps critically, and then said, briskly,

"Where has he gone?"

"I think he—he said he must take another road to the farm," stammered Lucy; "and that I was to keep you company instead. You do not mind?"

"You have arranged it very nicely between you," said Kitty, laughing, "although I don't quite understand it yet; and I don't mind your company, Lucy—indeed, am very glad of it."

"Mumma," remarked little Morice at this juncture, and to her young mother's intense dismay, "was to tell you all about it. Mitter Dorward said so."

"Oh!" ejaculated Lucy.

What awkward remarks children *will* make at times, and what powers of observation they possess!—observing without being observed, which is a great faculty, a wise man has assured us. And here little Morice had precipitated the crisis of explanation *most* wofully.

Kitty Vanch turned to Lucy.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

The dark eyes were full of inquiry—clear, bright, and unflinching; it looked as if the elder speaker might require consolation rather than this tall young woman at her side.

"Yes, I have a little to tell you, Kitty. Nothing much—nothing very serious, for that matter," said Lucy, in reply; "and which you will see in its true light, and smile at, I dare say."

"Very likely; I hope so," was the quick answer back.

"And—"

"And as little children notice a great deal, and talk a great deal more of what they see and hear," said Kitty, interrupting her, "might it not be as well for Morice to run on in advance of us?"

"Yes, I think it would," replied Lucy.

Morice received her instructions, and was disposed to disobey them, until pacified and bribed by the sole custody of her mother's parasol, with which she tripped along some thirty yards ahead, looking behind her now and then to make quite sure that there was no deep plan to desert her on the part of her friends following.

"I suppose it is about Greg, all this," remarked Kitty, when they were alone together on the road to Farm Forlorn; "so you can rely upon a patient listener."

"It is very little to tell you, Kitty, after all," Lucy began again; "and you are a sensible girl who will look upon it in the right light."

"Who looks upon it in the wrong?"

"Miss Brake," answered Lucy; "she has been having a long conversation with me to-day about you."

"About me and Greg together. Is not that it?"

"Yes."

"Poor mistress! she lets everything trouble her, even my engagement to Greg Dorward," said Kitty; "but then she is an invalid, and has much to brood upon. I have never known her really well, and that excuses everything."

"Yes," said Lucy again, thinking it was rather strange that Kitty was having all the talk at present, and she was answering in monosyllables. Kitty saw this too, and added:

"But I have to listen to you, Mrs. Brake. I forgot."

"If you will call me Lucy, always, instead of Mrs. Brake, I shall be glad," said the widow. "It was understood a week ago that we were friends enough for that; and to be always friends, and under every circumstance of life, from this time forth, you and I, I hope."

"I'm sure," replied Kitty; "that is," she added, with a sudden reserve, "I think I'm sure."

"You must not have a doubt of it, or a doubt of me," said Lucy, very earnestly; "that would be to grieve me. I want you to believe implicitly in me, and what I tell you; otherwise I fail."

"Fail in what?" asked Kitty.

"Miss Brake said to-day, Kitty, that you would never be happy with Greg for your husband; that he was not deserving of you, that he did not love you," began Lucy, dashing desperately into the subject at last; "all this is a great mistake of judgment on her part, but which she wished me to tell you, and which I promised I would."

"I thought it was Greg whom you promised," said Kitty, a little bewildered in her turn.

"I had to ask Greg's permission to speak of this at all."

"You are very kind, Lucy. I do not know, in your place, whether I should have been so considerate as that, or thought of that. But," she said, and as quick as lightning now, "why Greg?"

"Because I had promised Greg never to speak of this—to keep his secret, such as it was, to myself."

"Greg's secret too, then?"

"Yes. A foolish thing altogether, based on nothing—on a silly fancy even," said Lucy.

"On Greg's being in love with you? That is it, I suppose," said Kitty, very quietly now. Perhaps too quietly, thought Lucy.

"Yes, that is it," was the reply; "on Greg's fancying that he was—being only a boy; and boys always take romantic ideas into their heads concerning women older than themselves."

"You are not an old woman, Lucy," Kitty remarked. "I don't suppose two years make much difference between man and woman at any time, and with real love between them—"

"But there was no love between us," said Lucy, quickly, in her turn; "on the contrary, a little dislike on my part, a feeling of offense, perhaps of wounded pride, that he should think it possible I could forget my murdered Morris, who—"

"Never mind your Morris just now," said Kitty, impatiently; "I have heard so much about him in my time. We can talk of him presently, Lucy, at the farm. Tell me of Greg, the one who is all in all to me, who was all in all to me when I was a little desolate wretch with no father, mother, sister, to keep me straight; only the policeman at the corner of the Rents!"

"Well," continued Lucy, "there was a passing fancy for me in Greg's mind as he grew up. I was kind to him, I was interested, like my father and Mr. Woodhatch, in his facility for acquiring knowledge, in his perseverance and industry. But as for any love for him, I had none to give to anybody."

"Not even for John Woodhatch, who deserved it," muttered Kitty. "No," she added, "I don't suppose you would care for my Greg. That he should love you was very natural, and I have wondered before this why he did not. For you are a beautiful woman, Lucy Brake, though you do not want my word to tell you so."

Lucy blushed, and did not answer. She was not particularly vain of her good looks, but she was conscious of her beauty, and possibly of its power.

"If he had told me so himself," Kitty continued, "I could have forgiven him; for what was I to him, after all? And what," she added, sadly, "could he remember of me but a child's shadow in a London street? It was my doubt always that he should keep me in his memory; it was only the dear master watching us, as God watches us, I think, who said, 'I will bring these two strange lives together; I will end it like a story-book'—who thought we were worse even than we were, and children as we were," she added, shivering, "and that it was my one chance, and his duty, that we should become man and wife."

"As you will do, loving each other very truly," said Lucy.

"Yes, I love him very truly," answered Kitty, thoughtfully. "I have always loved him. I was the only one who understood him as a child; perhaps I am the only one who sees clearly now what he will become. When a boy, whom everybody feared but me, he would share his last crust—the crust he had stolen—with Kitty Vanch; when we had been driven out-of-doors together to steal, by Greg's father or mother, we would, if *unlucky*," she added, scornfully, "console each other by hopes and fancies for the morrow as we huddled together amongst the baskets in the market, or on the dung-heaps in the stable-yards. We were together, helping each other, that was enough. We had no other friends. And I would help him now, in everything and for everything, even if he hated me."

"Which he does not, you are sure."

"No; he likes me—a little."

"I am sure he loves you as well as—"

"As I deserve," cried Kitty, with a short laugh. "Ah! I don't fancy there is much love in the matter, now you have told me he has thought of you. Of course," she added, with a little sigh, "that can not be."

"It can."

"He is afraid of Mr. Woodhatch, who has asked him to marry me."

"You must not look upon it in that light," said Lucy.

"I don't know in what light yet to look at it," answered Kitty, irresolutely. "I want time to think it over, and to see what is best—what is best for Greg, I mean, not for me. *That* doesn't matter."

"What is best is that you should not think any more about it," said Lucy, cheerfully. "The position is settled, you are going to be married, and the rest is the morbid fancies of a sick woman who thinks too much of herself, and the doubts of a true-hearted girl"—touching her arm—"who thinks too little. And that is never wise."

"I suppose not," answered Kitty; "but then," she added, quaintly, "I have such a very little to be proud of. I should not think much of this—what is it, after all—"

"Ah! what is it?" said Lucy, with alacrity.

"*If*," continued Kitty, "it was all over, had happened two years ago, and Greg was smiling at it now—or at all events not grieving. Well, one must consider this. I am not likely to make him in any way unhappy—and by marrying him I might."

"No, no—surely not."

"Did he ever ask you straightforwardly to become his wife?" she asked.

"Yes—he asked me."

"When?"

Lucy Brake did not relish this questioning, more particularly this identical question, which certainly was a leading one, and of an awkward tendency. She was compelled to answer truthfully, although it was in her heart to deceive her, and for her good. But Kitty Vanch looked like a woman whom it would be difficult to deceive just then.

"A little while ago," she said at last.

"How long ago?"

"I—I can hardly remember."

"Oh yes, you can. You will in a minute or two," said the persistent Kitty.

Lucy hesitated again. She was not getting on very well—not so well as, in her naïve conceit, she had imagined that she was. This was a question worse than all the rest. What put it into Kitty's head to ask it, of all troublesome questions in the world!

"Was it before I came to Skegs Shore, or afterward?" said Kitty, further, as if to assist her fair companion's memory.

"Well—afterward," confessed Lucy at last. "You had just arrived—he was unsettled, and not his quiet self."

"Had he seen me?"

"Oh no," said Lucy, with alacrity. "It was before he had seen you."

"I am glad to hear that," responded Kitty. "I dare say it was on the night I found him tramping along the sands—where we met again after five years of separation—after nine years, if I do not reckon seeing him at the railway station. That's it."

"To part as children, and to meet as man and woman resolving to begin life together, speaks well for faithfulness on both sides," said Lucy, "the romance between was—but romance."

"You are never likely to care for Greg?"

"Never."

"He does not seem—quite good enough for you?"

Lucy looked askance at Kate, as though she could believe there was satire in this questioning; but the grave, sad face wore no mocking expression to check all sympathy toward her. Kitty had asked in simple faith, and was waiting patiently for a reply.

"I have not thought of that at any time. It is not of a man's past a true woman thinks, but of his present life."

"Thank you. That is John Woodhatch's teaching?"

"Yes."

"And your father's?"

"And my father's, assuredly."

"And under any circumstances," continued Kitty, "you would not marry Greg Dorward?"

"Not under any circumstances."

"I am worrying you with many questions," said Kitty, "but this is a turning-point in my life, and it is difficult to decide."

"Is there much to decide, after all? You are engaged to be married, the day has been fixed," said Lucy. "You—"

"I am thinking of Greg," cried Kitty, impatiently, "as I told you just now. Not of myself. And I will not stand in his light. Why should I?"

"You do not."

"He will answer that for himself," said Kitty, quietly; "he is not likely to quarrel with me when I tell him he can have his own way, and act as he thinks best. It is not a very serious matter, as you say."

"No."

"I suppose men are all very much alike; but then I don't know much about them," said Kitty, irresolutely. "I have been brought up with Miss Brake of late years, and shut away from lovers. I can fancy most men being wild and weak and unfaithful, as they mix in the world and see so many faces to tempt them."

"What an awful, miserable thought!" exclaimed Lucy at this. "One would hate most men were they as weak wretches as that."

"We should be more likely to forgive them," said Kitty, smiling—"after a good scolding; as I may forgive Greg for thinking you so much more to be preferred for his wife than Kitty Vanch. But," she added, "men are weaker than women—I am sure of that."

"My Morris was not weak," cried Lucy, confidently.

"Yes he was—very," was the thoughtless answer.

"What!" cried Lucy, forgetting the motive which had brought them together that afternoon, and changing on the instant from the wise, kindly counsellor to the indignant woman—"what did you say? What did you dare to say?"

Kitty Vanch turned pale at this sudden outburst, and then colored.

"I am sorry if I have pained you. I had forgotten for a moment," she said.

"Forgotten what?"

"That you were his wife—that he had been very dear to you," replied Kitty. "I hope you will forgive my foolishness. I did not know what I was saying."

"Then Morris was not weak?" cried Lucy; "you were not thinking of him when you answered me?"

Kitty did not reply to this interrogatory; it was her turn to find questions vexatious and embarrassing.

"*Were* you thinking of him?" asked Lucy again.

"Yes," said Kitty; "it's no use my pretending I was not. I saw Morris Brake a great deal the year before he died: he came often to his sister's house, and I used to think then he was very weak."

"In what way weak?" asked Lucy: "tell me, please, Kitty, what you mean?"

"I can not tell you any more, save that I thought him weak. Weak in his good opinion of himself, his handsome face, his manners, and vain of his own judgment—little faults that Miss Brake said he inherited from his father," answered Kitty, with great rapidity of utterance.

"His father ran away from his children and his wife to live with another woman. Have you heard that?" said Lucy.

"Yes; part of it," said Kate. "Don't weary me, Lucy, with fresh stories. Has it not struck you I have had enough of my own misery to-day, without hearing of other people's?"

"I will say no more. Only, Kitty, you frightened me," said Lucy, with a shudder.

"You must not mind what I say."

"No," said Lucy, very thoughtfully, "I will try not."

They were close upon the farm, and Morice Brake ran on toward it, being tired of her own company, and conscious that even her mother did not care for it at present.

Presently she was at the farm-house gate, holding John Woodhatch by one hand and her grandfather by the other, swinging herself between them and laughing merrily. Greg Dorward stood there also, having reached home quickly by another route. At the distant window sat Miss Brake knitting busily, with Carlo watching her, as though he was taking a lesson in the art; at the door, under the creepers which were flourishing above the porch, stood Mrs. Chadderton, prim and neat in her black dress, and above all alike were the blue sky and God's sunshine. It was a fair picture, but what a host of thoughts at work beneath the placid masks of these strange folk about here! If they could have read each other's thoughts that afternoon, or the rustling green trees could have whispered what they were!

Kitty walked on a few paces in advance of Lucy. She had seen Greg already, and noticed that his face was pale, and wore an anxious look. He smiled faintly as she approached him, but his dark, deep-set eyes looked closely into hers, perhaps asking a question which before that group of friends he dared not shape into outspoken words.

"You are home before me, then," she said, smiling very faintly too. "Did you come by the other road?"

"Yes, Kitty," he answered.

As she passed him she slipped her hand into his for a moment, and pressed it in earnest of good faith, of trust in him, of her own affection, and then went slowly into the house and upstairs to her own room.

CHAPTER X.

THE RESULT OF IT.

Gregory Dorward was not quite happy in his mind, although he possessed the art of concealing his emotions tolerably well. He had more upon that mind, too, than Lucy or Kitty imagined, and Miss Brake's first move in her campaign against him, or Kitty—which was it?—had been successful in its uncomfortable way. Still, the ice was broken; Kate Vanch understood the position, and there was one secret the less. He hoped Lucy Brake had told the truth after her own fair fashion, and better than he could have done it, but there was a feeling at his heart now that he might have told it better, having love on Kitty's side to plead for him.

If he wanted it to plead for him; for we are not certain how Gregory Dorward regarded the position, any more than Kitty was certain. He was not sure, either, that he had escaped cross-examination by Lucy's proposition that she should undertake this delicate matter for him; he and Kitty must speak of this when they were alone together for the first time, and when Miss Brake was not watching them so narrowly. It was not likely they could go on side by side as if nothing had happened since the happy, peaceful yesterday.

Later in the day, in the beginning of the evening, with the sky aglow with crimson, Kitty Vanch and Greg Dorward strolled across the flat, sandy land to the sea-shore, where they had met first as man and woman. Greg had proposed going, and Kitty had acquiesced very readily, and there they were alone together, as they had wished and Greg had schemed for. If an explanation were to cause a crisis, it was better it should come at once, both thought now, for time was hastening on, and the present position had grown perplexing and false.

Greg would not be nervous over his statement;

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

Lucy Brake had paved the way for him, when he had shrunk at first from telling Kitty the whole story for himself. A few words now might be necessary, nothing more; but he did not say them till the deep stretch of sea-sands was beneath their feet, and there was no living soul upon it but themselves.

"You have been told a strange story to-day, Kitty," said Greg at last, "and you feel you hate me for it."

"Not at all," answered Kitty, very calmly and yet sadly; "it was what I thought must happen three years ago or more, when John Woodhatch spoke of my marrying you. If you had grown to be a gentleman almost, I could not fancy my being a lady to match, and I *could* fancy your choosing for yourself, and not thinking much of me. And it was Lucy Brake's fault you did not."

"Yes; that is partly it, Kitty," he confessed; "I wish I could say it was not."

"As it is the truth, I am glad to hear you say it," she answered; "we shall get on better without lies, Greg."

"Certainly," he replied. "And are you very much offended with me?"

"I am not offended."

"Surprised?"

"To hear it all for the first time to-day, so late as it is—yes."

"And sorry?"

"Very," said Kitty, without a moment's hesitation.

"After all," said Greg, "there is not much to be sorry for. The story is ended, Kitty, and we shall be happy enough without Lucy Brake to bother us."

"I am not quite sure of it," answered Kitty; "it is not so easy to see the end of it."

"She can never be anything to me," said Greg; "and I am not one to fret for a woman who would not have me. It is all over."

Kate Vanch looked at him, and said, in a strange, pitying tone,

"Poor Greg!"

"Why do you say 'poor Greg'?" he asked.

"Because you love her still," she answered; "because her beauty is a snare for you, and still bewilders you; because it would be heaven's happiness for you to call her your wife, and because you never, never can."

"I have said it is all over."

"But you love her."

"I am not sure of that."

"Oh! but I am. Sure, too, that you are sure, only you think it kind to spare my feelings—as if I had any feelings worth considering, Greg!" she added, with a little sigh.

"We do not come to any fair understanding by useless talk like this," he said, presently. "I have been a fool, and I own it. She was not fit to be my wife; she would not have been a helpmate to me, and you are the very one to suit me in all respects, knowing me so well. And we shall be happy; by God, I know we shall!"

He was excited, and gesticulated almost in dramatic fashion.

"But you have no real love for me?"

"Yes, I have."

"Ah, no, Greg, I know better than that," said Kitty. "You would marry me, but at any moment there might come to you unhappiness, or a new temptation; and without me there will be freedom, and the power to make your own way. And so, Greg, I am about as likely to be your wife as Lucy Brake."

"Kitty!"

"This afternoon," she continued, "I thought I could make up my mind to let things go on just the same; that I should be able to make you comfortable and contented in the new home at Bleathorpe. But no, it can not be."

"Why not, Kitty?" asked Greg.

"You might learn to hate me. Once tied to me for life, you might learn to see in me a bar to your advancement. You will be better without me altogether," she replied.

"You can not tell."

"Yes, I think I can," was the answer. "Why, I should only doubt you now, feel I was in the way, be always afraid of you."

"Has it come to fear?"

"Not as we are. But I—I don't quite make you out, Greg, always. You are beyond me; not in any way like the Greg Dorward I knew once."

"Is not that something to be glad of, remembering what I was?" he asked, bitterly.

"Ay—yes, thank Heaven; but I should like the boy's love back again—at least the trust in me, the feeling I was of help to him, the old Greg Dorward, even in his rags," she exclaimed.

"We may come to rags again, now that we defy John Woodhatch," said Greg, gloomily.

"Then I will come to you," cried Kitty, "if you'll have me. To help you out of trouble, always Kitty Vanch; to be miserable in your prosperity, why, never!"

"I haven't lost you, then," muttered Greg, scornfully; "there is some hope for me."

"Ah! you can say bitter things," said Kitty; "but I do not mind them."

"I feel bitterly," he answered; "I feel that everything is crumbling to dust beneath my touch."

"You will be rich, you will be prosperous," said Kitty. "Mr. Woodhatch will not think any the worse of us for altering our minds."

"You do not know him as well as I do."

"I will take the blame upon myself," said Kitty.

"He will not believe you," Greg replied; "he will require full explanations of the reasons which have parted us."

"I will give them to him."

"If you tell him I have thought of Lucy Brake, it will be my ruin," said Greg. "You know he loves her. You have heard people say he killed Morris Brake because of her."

"No one is likely to believe that now," said Kitty; "and he will not be hard on me. I will tell him—which is the plain truth, Greg—that I have altered my mind; that I feel I am not fit for you, or good enough."

"Good enough!" he cried.

"Or clever enough, or well-educated enough, to be your wife. That, despite your wish," Kitty went on, "I will not have you, and don't care for you. And I will not say a word of Lucy Brake."

"And your mistress? That horrible woman," he said, "hiding like a witch in the darkness, she will know all."

"She knows it already."

"And," he said, "*you* can trust her not to tell the master? I would as soon trust Mrs. Chadderton."

"I would trust them both in this."

"Why?"

"They would spare him a care at any cost," said Kitty; "and he will be satisfied if we tell him we shall be happier apart."

"You do not know him," said Greg again.

"Oh, Greg! we shall see who knows him best in a little while," she said, "and let us part friends, you and I, at least."

"Are we going to part for good?"

"We part as lovers—if we have ever been lovers. Nothing more than that. To remain as brother and sister always—if you will," she answered.

"No," he said, slowly; "let it be for good. You will go away with your mistress as soon as it is possible, and then the less we see of each other the better for us both."

She drew a little quick breath at this, then said, "Yes, I think so too."

Greg stopped, as if this was the end of it all, and there was no more to be said, and Kitty understood the movement, and went on slowly toward Farm Forlorn alone. There *was* no more to say; she had explained everything that was on her mind; she had told Greg what she had determined, and he had not urged her very warmly, very passionately, to reconsider her decision. He had spoken more of the result of the separation, and of how John Woodhatch would regard it, than of any disappointment on his own part; of what would be his prospects after this, not what would become of her, owning her love for him still, letting him see that he was first and foremost in her heart, but witnessing but little affection in return, only a poor clumsy imitation of it, that did not stir her, unless it was to anger.

Well, there was an end of it. Better that it was all concluded in this fashion, thought Kitty, than to make him miserable for life, to feel day by day increasing the horrible conviction that she was a clog upon him, a something between him and his progress. What would become of her presently she did not know; across the waste land of her life stretched the rugged up-hill path with no light upon it yet, and she must pursue it to its close. There would be no one to care for her after this; and she did not want any one to care.

She went straight to her own little room, tired out with doubts. Miss Brake had given her permission, and guessed the object of her going.

"It is all working as I wish," she whispered to herself as Kitty went away. There had been no difficulty in noting how Kitty's brief love story had ended. The face of the girl was calm enough, but it was the gravity of a fixed despair. Kitty Vanch had been so happy—so truly happy—only that bright morning; having acted for the best, she was now like a child, shut out from happiness forever. Greg would be all right presently, and that would be her solace presently too; not yet awhile.

She sat and thought of this at the open window of her room, looking upward at the shimmering stars, and hour after hour passed away without much knowledge of time and how it stole along recking not of her love troubles. She heard the shutters of the farm-house closing, the voices of men and women below calling good-night to one another, and to John Woodhatch, who answered cheerily, not guessing yet that his last grand scheme had collapsed, and thinking all was fairly well at Skegs Shore. Footsteps echoed along the corridors without and died away, doors were closed and locked, and presently, when all was very still, her own door, which she had not fastened, was tried, and then opened, and Lucy Brake came stealthily into the room and laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"It is all over between you and Greg," she said, and in so stern a tone of voice that Kitty looked up in faint surprise.

"Yes. Do not let us talk of him again to-night, please."

"I have not come to speak of him," said Lucy.

"Thank you for that."

"I have come to speak of my lost husband."

"Ah, well," said Kitty, wearily; "what of him now?"

"Why did you not tell me all the truth this afternoon, when we were so close upon it? Where was your frankness—your good faith—of which they boast in these parts?"

"Who do?"

"Answer this, and tell me the truth in one word, if you can," cried Lucy, without replying to her question; "one word will do it, and I will not believe it from her."

"From Miss Brake, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Can not you spare me for one night?" urged Kitty; "can not you see my grief for the living is greater than yours should be for the dead?"

"Ha! you know what I am going to say!" cried Lucy.

"I think I do," Kitty responded.

"Did my husband Morris, then, at any time," asked Lucy, in a voice that shook with its emotion—"I mean a little while before his death—only a week or two, my God! and after we were married—make love to you?"

"Yes," answered Kitty Vanch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"WE ONLY!"

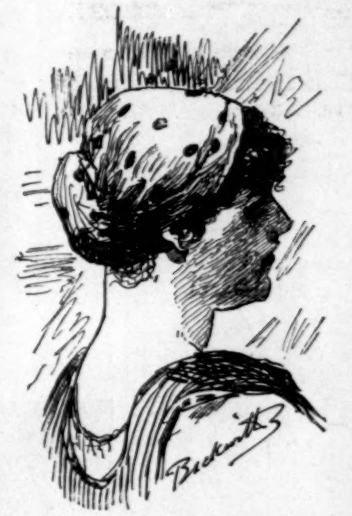
Come, wife, dear woman, and sit by me,
  For the toilsome day is done,
And many thoughts in my heart are born
  With the setting of the sun.
Ay, give me your hand, my patient love,
  That my own may clasp it tight;
Not dearer it was in the years agone,
  Dear wife, than it is to-night.

Old and wrinkled it may be, dear,
  But look you, wife, at the shine
Of the ring that has clung to your finger there
  Since the day that I made you mine.
'Twas a long, long march from our youth to age,
  But Time, be he ne'er so gray,
Can never tarnish the lustre, dear,
  Of the pledge of our wedding day.

E'en so the truth of a faithful love,
  Born far in the auld lang syne,
In our steadfast hearts, through weal and woe,
  Never has ceased to shine.
There are tears in your eyes, my wife, to-night;
  You are thinking, dear, I know,
How strange it is that as shadows fall
  We only are left below—

We only, to sit at the old hearth-stone
  In the twilight, dear, of life,
While our children wait at the gates above:
  When shall we meet them, wife?
Nay, dry those tears, and be glad with me
  That the day is almost done,
And father, mother, and children all
  May meet—with the set of sun.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.



HEAD OF PEASANT.—J. C. Beckwith.

That prosperous organization, the American Water-color Society, has just opened its sixteenth annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design, in the usual and reasonable expectation of selling a vast number of pictures—thirty thousand dollars' worth at least—and of having a good time generally. For some years, indeed, the American Water-colorist has been altogether the cheerfulest type of artist to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. The public buys his works, and attends the display of them; and neither the beauty nor the fashion of the metropolis is scandalized by the question, "Have you seen the Water-color Exhibition?"

Of course the American Water-colorist has earned this bliss, for did ever an American picture-buyer unjustly praise an American picture-maker? or praise him too much? or lodge his work too honorably in his home? The American Water-colorist, not to put too fine a point on him, enjoys the most deserved artistic success in the city. He understands his business, for one thing; knows the value of broad relations of color, the proper subserviency of details to masses, the blessedness of suggesting an idea rather than chopping it fine and heating it in a retort, the excellence of translating ethereal effects out-of-doors, the indispensableness of snap, sparkle, vivacity, spontaneity. He shows us in the winter what he gathered for us in the summer. He brings autumn, too, to our hearts; and if he has snows to tell of, we may be sure that his information comes not from gossip, but from actual observation.

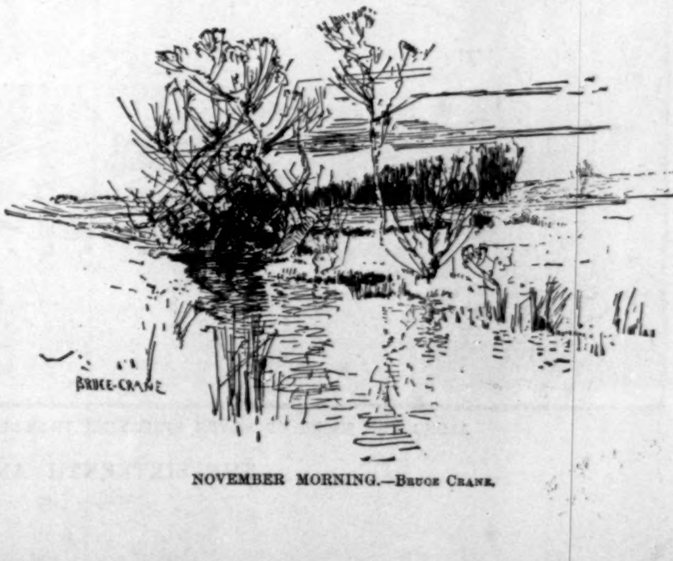
Then he is the most generous-minded fellow in the world, admitting to his annual exhibitions pictures of all classes and conditions, and treating each with courtesy, in spite of his dislike of some. There, for instance, are the works of Mr. Frank Currier. Though the American Water-colorist has not yet climbed into the admiration of them, the least discerning visitor to this sixteenth annual exhibition will not fail to notice how hospitably Mr. Currier has been received. Not less than five—possibly six—of his fearless productions appear in the principal gallery, one of them on the line; and in return for this protracted generous-mindedness Mr. Currier this time has painted more rationally than ever before. Instead of sending mere memoranda of color, he has in two instances forwarded real organized wholes. Mr. Blum, Mr. Lungren, and Mr. Muhrman also have done more than formerly to dissipate the doubt of the scoffer respecting their ability as picture-makers; and Mr. W. M. Chase's young lady in black feels unwontedly at home in her present surroundings.

Doubtless it would not be too much to say that to him the sunny landscape with figures, signed E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons, and situated in the place of honor in the South Room, is more fully the ideal of what a water-color picture should be than any other work in the exhibition. No lack of serious and beautiful inspiration here; no lack of requisite technique; but a fine mode of looking at nature with a desire to get, not a photograph, but a loyal and pictorial representation, and this too within the strictest limits of the water-colorist's art. Beyond the shadows of the foreground trees the green field lies in brightest sunshine, which softly glows on the tower, roof, and walls of the old stone church; and the perfect collaboration by which Mr. Abbey has introduced into Mr. Parsons's landscape the figures of the two village lassies lends to the total impression an added intellectual charm. Mr. Abbey has painted more highly vitalized and interesting faces than those of these maids, but he has never made the human figure more indisputably an integral part of a landscape.

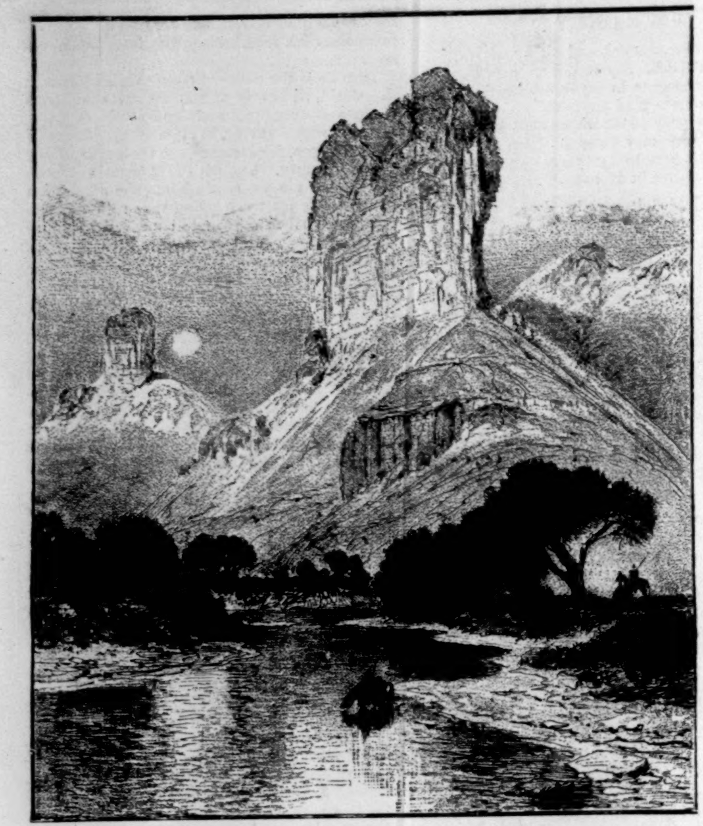
Yet if for the numerous class of works of which the one just mentioned may be considered as at the head in the present exhibition the American Water-colorist has a special and proud affection, there is another class that he is always ready to swear by, and to the head of this class Mr. Winslow Homer stepped up some time ago. It can not be doubted that the opinion long held by most of the French artists, and still held by many of them, that water-color painting on paper, as distinguished from fresco or oil painting, is better fitted for girls than for men, has even in this country some advocates in the studios, and of course some advocates outside of them. To all such persons Mr. Winslow Homer has had the honor of demonstrating more ably than any other American the virility of resource of the water-colorist's art. In his hands it is pre-eminently a man's art; and there are certain things of his in this sixteenth exhibition, notably the pose and expression of that brawny woman who stands in the wind beside a stream waiting for a boat to come and fetch her, which the Greeks might have admired for commanding attitude, and Michael Angelo for the evidence that statuesqueness may have a soul.

The painter who, two or three years ago, introduced us to the American shepherdess as she can be seen any day in the uplands of New York State, now invites us into the society of the American fisherwoman as she can be seen any day on the coast of Maine. But neither the shepherdess nor the fisherwoman had ever visited the metropolis before, nor (to speak with strict truth) will any one who recognizes the creative possibilities of divine art suppose that either this shepherdess or this fisherwoman is visible elsewhere than in these mirrors of the painter's imagination.

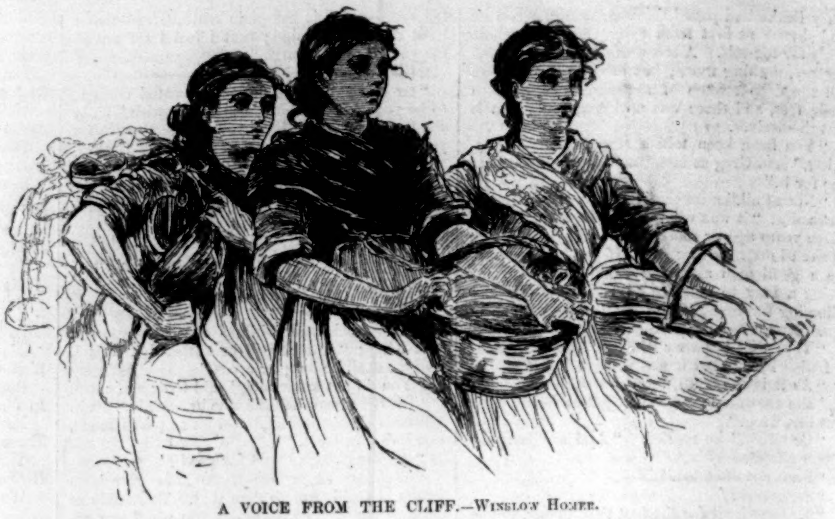
The managers of the exhibition deserve the thanks of the contributors and of the public. They have made its surroundings a feast of decorative skill. They have brought together an array of etchings which present in a fresh and most encouraging light the American aptitude in this felicitous artistic direction. They have published an illustrated catalogue of more serious import than any of its predecessors. And they have hung the pictures in the galleries with an intelligent feeling for general chromatic effect, so far as this can be realized simultaneously with attention to the traditional claims of each member of the society to a place on the line.



NOVEMBER MORNING.—Bruce Crane.



THE CLIFFS OF GREEN RIVER.—T. MORAN.



A VOICE FROM THE CLIFF.—WINSLOW HOMER.

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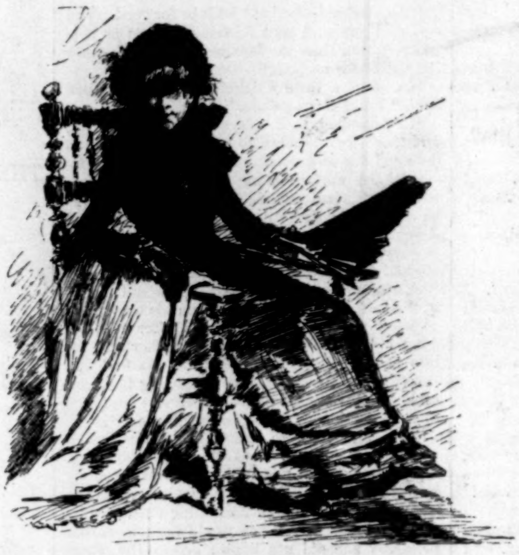
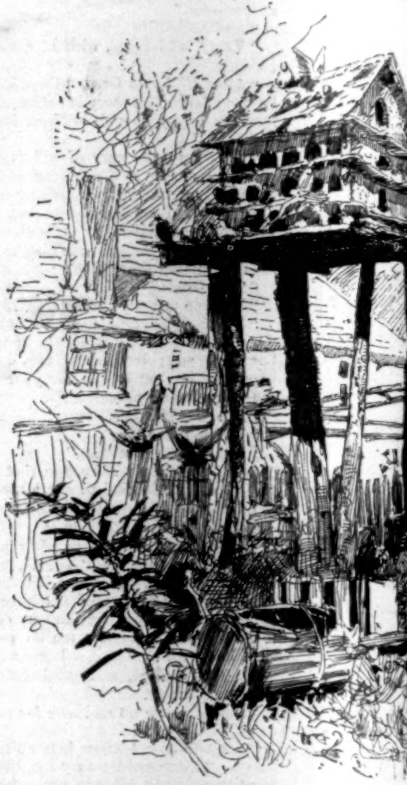
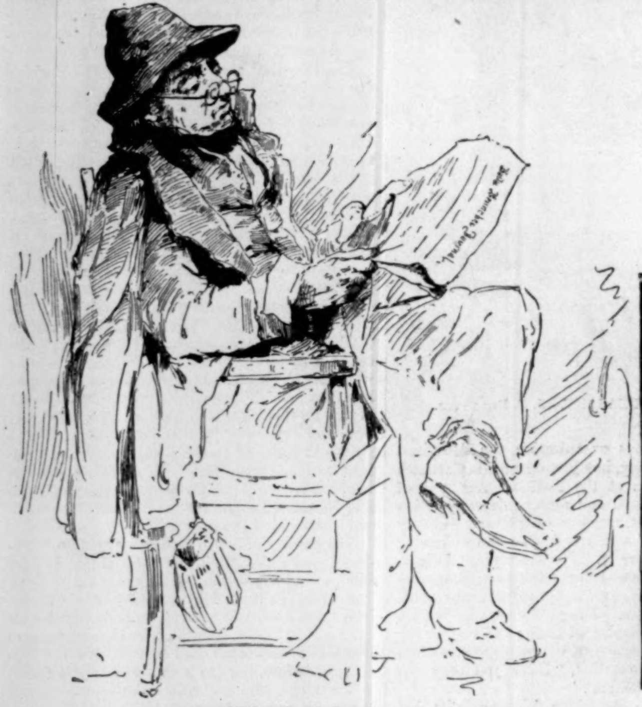


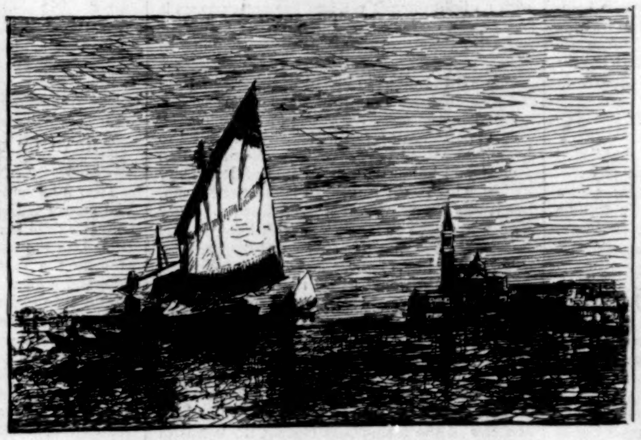
A SKETCH.—W. M. CHASE.



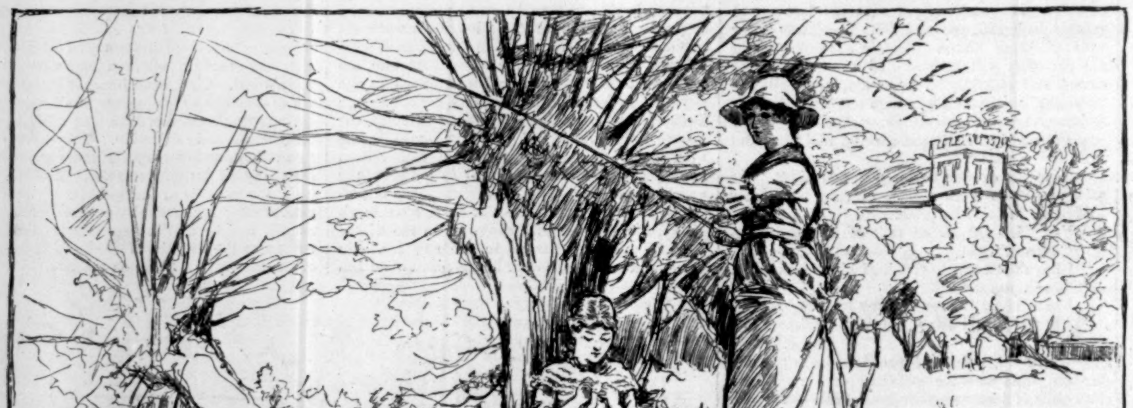
STUDY IN ST. AUGUSTINE.—Lo



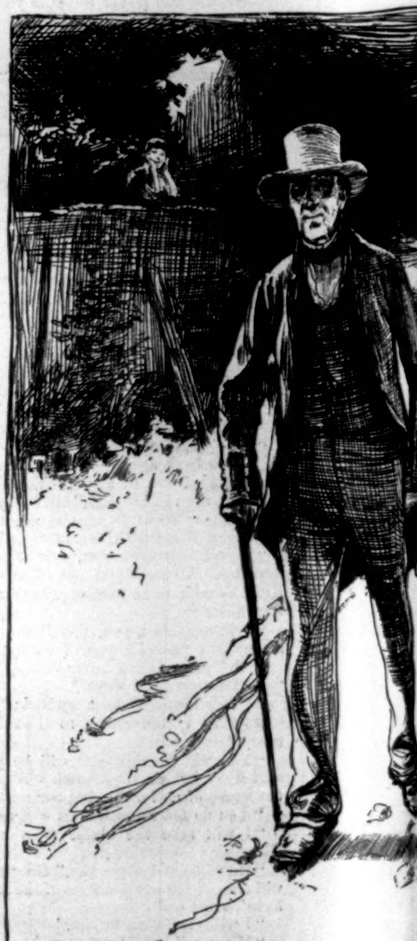
CULTURE.—W. H. LIPPINCOTT.



AFTERNOON IN VENICE.—ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

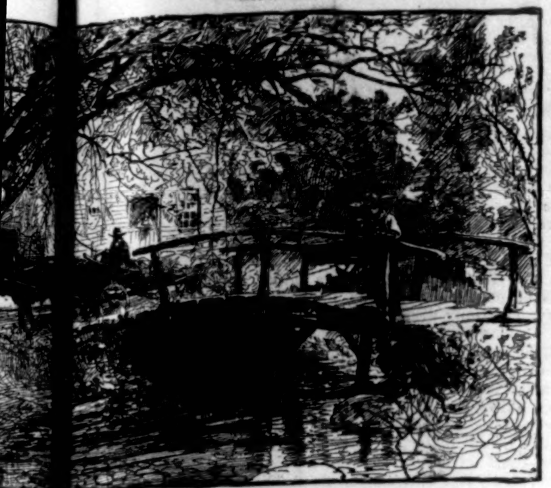


ALONG THE SHORE OF SILVER STREAMING THAMES.—E. A. ABBEY AND ALFRED PARSONS.

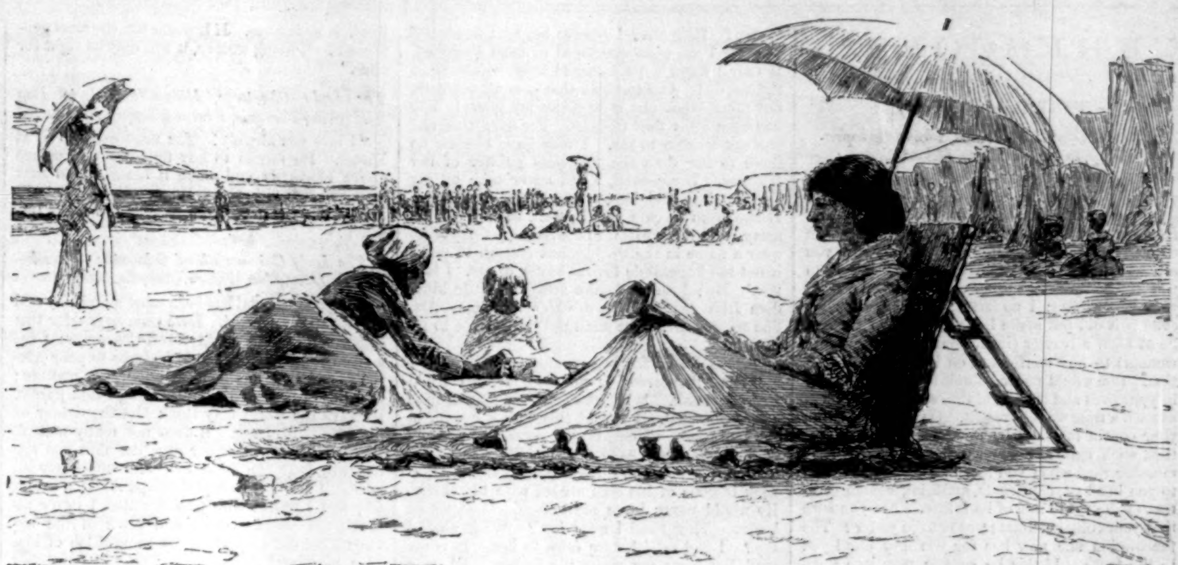


A GENERATION AGO.—W. T. S

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY, AT THE N

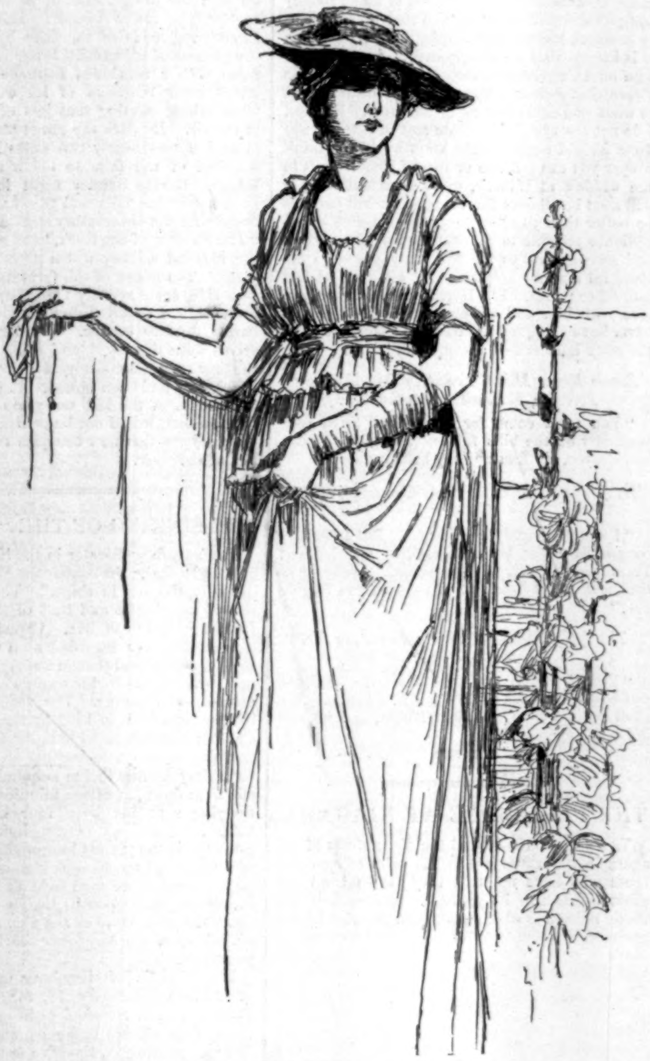


MA ALL CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA.—Harry Fenn.

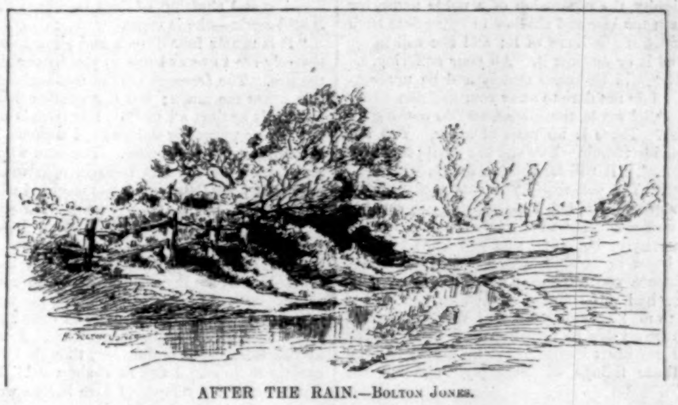


SUNNY DAYS.—G. Y. Turner.

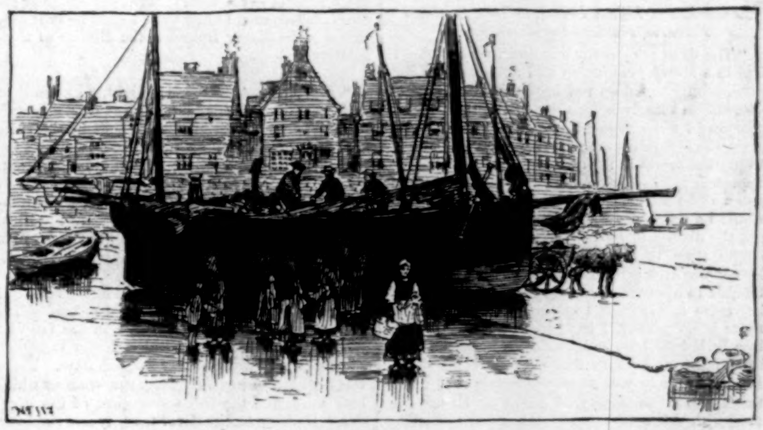
—Lou Tiffany.



AN OLD-TIME FAVORITE.—Frederic Dielman.

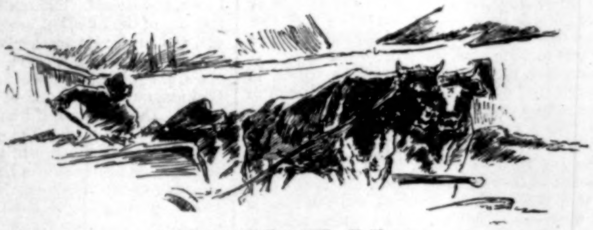


AFTER THE RAIN.—Bolton Jones.



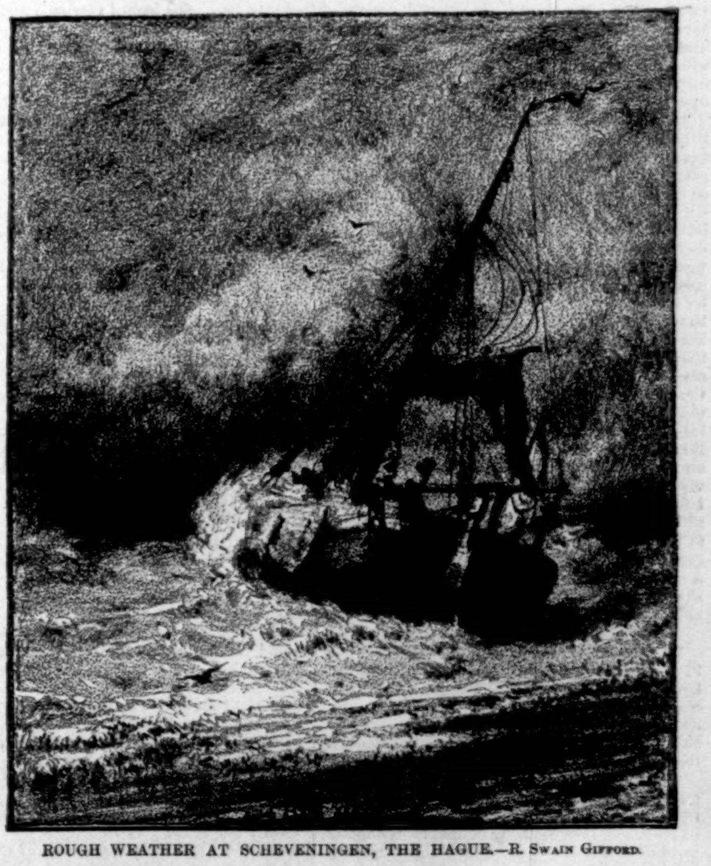
OLD WHITBY, ENGLAND.—H. P. Smith.

T. S Y.



LOADING THE CART.—H. Muhrman.

NOW CAME STILL EVENING ON.—Henry Farrer.



ROUGH WEATHER AT SCHEVENINGEN, THE HAGUE.—R. Swain Gifford.

NA ONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—SELECTIONS FROM THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—[See Page 71.]

FRESCOES.[*]

BY OUIDA.

PART II.—(*Continued.*)

The Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, to Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest:

"I DARE not advise you, my son, in a matter of such lifelong moment. Your whole future hangs on your decision. I see the difficulty that fronts you. You love your cousin better than name, or place, or power. I do not say that you are wrong. You hesitate to alienate her from you by an effort to secure the recognition of your just rights: I understand your hesitation: even if it did not make her your enemy, it would be at least a barrier (insurmountable to a proud woman) to any confession on her part of affection. She would never submit to the appearance in your eyes and the world that such a confession at such a time would present. On the other hand, your cousin may not be worthy such high devotion, such extraordinary sacrifice. You will remember that when you saw her first she seemed to you insolent, capricious, artificial, a mere creature of the world and of its follies. Are you sure that your colder estimate was not the juster? The fascination she now has for you may blind you to the truth. If this be so, you may lose a career of happiness and usefulness, a life of peace and dignity, the possession of a noble name, for a woman too idle and shallow to appreciate such a sacrifice if she knew of it; and she will never know of it or suspect it. All your suffering, all your loss, will be borne mutely and be unrecognized. I do not dare to sway your decision either way. All I say is, think long, and do nothing on impulse. There is no need of haste. You are expected to remain where you are until your work is finished. It will be time to decide when she returns. The generosity you contemplate is almost superhuman, but I believe you are capable of it, and would not even regret it if you knew her worthy of it. If! You will have had my other letter in which I answered the marvellous intelligence you gave me; alas! that your poor mother had not courage enough to confide the truth to me! My poor Leonis! when I think of your many years of privation and unrecognized genius, my heart bleeds for you. I pray Heaven that these tidings of great joy come not too late."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"The days are gloomy and seem very long. I feel in a strange confusion and agitation. Your kind, calm letter does not lessen my trouble, for you put so clearly before me the truth that 'either way I must repine.' If I claim my inheritance, she is surely lost to me for evermore; and if I bury the secret in my own heart, how can I ever approach her?—I, who shall still seem to every one a mere adventurer, a mere beggar, and who would be scorned even by herself if I so far forgot the dignity of poverty as to say a syllable of supplication to one so far removed from me. Either way it seems there is no chance for me to be able to approach her with any hope of becoming more to her than I am now. You say truly there is no haste. I have locked the papers up in a little iron box, and, unless I choose, no eyes save mine and yours will ever look on them. Does it seem to you so very Quixotic that I can think of the possibility of going on all my life long with this secret untold, this great birthright unclaimed? Do you not know I would do anything to see her eyes smile at me? and the smile would never come there if she knew it—never, never more. It seems strange, as I move about here, to realize that it is all mine, actually mine!—when I have never had anything of my own except a box of colors and a hired garret, with a cast or a bust here and there.

"I sit doing nothing all the long evenings, with the dog at my feet, and it seems to me that I can never take it at all, since, for me to take it, she must lose it. And she was so thoughtful of me, so considerate, so delicate, so kind—shall I repay her by robbing her? I work on when the light lets me at the frescoes; these at least I wish to do me honor. The other day I laughed outright when the major-domo spoke with some little insolence about them; it seemed so ridiculous. If he had only guessed who I was, how he would have cringed and kissed the dust! To think I have the right to sweep all this *valetaille* out of the house! But it is not the power or the possession of this birthright of mine that makes the temptation; it is the leisure, it is the repose, it is the ability to pass all my life in the pursuit of the ideal, to surround myself with all that is beautiful and spiritual; but then, without her, even with all that, my life would be only 'a home without music,' a 'ruche sans abeilles.' What can I do? I sit and muse hour after hour, night after night, and am no nearer to any determination. I look at her portrait, and the thought that I could ever despoil that glorious creature seems to me almost a crime. I have not heard from her again. If she should marry the young duke— No, I do not think she will do that.

"The winter is long, long, long. It is now the 26th of February; in Rome how the land laughs, how the flowers spring, how the blood dances in one's veins so near to March! Here all is snow and wind, or fog and sleet, and the poor deer look shivering and sad under the leafless trees amongst the black frosted bracken.

"The house-steward has just brought me a telegraphic message he has had from her. It is sent from Paris, and merely says, 'We come home to-morrow.' To-morrow! Like that! Without a word of preparation. He says it is the way 'my lady' always does. My God! what shall I say to her? How shall I receive her? I know not whether I am most overjoyed or most wretched. If only I knew what I should most wisely, most rightly, do! And to think that it is all not hers, but mine—that she is in truth my guest! She has been away four months. For some time she has not written to me. I may have become no more to her than the nameless painter of her frescoes. If so—well, I will never take up my rights. It would be too much like vengeance. If she seem to care at all—well, then I will go away, send her portrait to the Salon, perhaps conquer a name in the world great enough to make it not too impossible for me to say to her, 'I love you.' No; I will not take away her little kingdom from her; I have a wider kingdom—Art. She trusted me. She shall not have cause to repent it.

"The 'to-morrow' is now 'to-day.' I could sleep not at all. It is now noon; she may be here at any moment. I scrawl this with a crayon in the ball-room. There is still snow, but the sun is shining. They have sent her Russian sledge to meet her with the three Russian horses. Berwick is gone of his own accord with the sledge. He would never leave me before. It seems he knows. How shall I meet her? What shall I say? I feel as if I were false to her. It is absurd, but I can not resist the feeling. I hear a noise of sleigh-bells, of voices, of great doors opening and shutting, of dogs barking: then all is still again—she is come.

"It is nearly four o'clock and almost dark. I scarcely see to scrawl this to you by the light of the fire. The frescoes are not one-half finished; this vexes me much; but the weather has been so utterly against all work. Her friends will tell her I have purposely delayed. I suppose I shall not see her till to-morrow. The man who especially waits on me has been in with wood, and says that Lady Cairnwrath has returned with her, no one else, but that many people are expected in a week from this. By that time I shall be gone. She must get the frescoes finished as she can.... They have brought me word that her ladyship sent me her compliments and wished to see me in the library; she is taking her tea there after the journey. Will I go at once? I can not refuse. She has not forgotten. I tremble at the thought of seeing her, though I long so greatly to do so. I feel as if she would read all my secrets in my face. I love her so well, and yet I can not say a word! Pray for me, dear father. When next I shall write I shall be in Rome. Rome is the Mater Dolorosa, the Mother of Consolation.

"This was not posted last night. I open it to add that no one under heaven was ever so greatly blessed as I. Even now as I sit in the clear morning light, in my own chamber, I can not believe in my own paradise; I can not believe that, having wrestled so long, the angel blesses me at last! When the servant brought me her message in the ball-room, I got up and walked through the house, and felt like a drunken man as I moved. To see her in the library! It seemed to me as if the very walls would speak to her, as if the French secrétaire would find a voice! I was like one in a dream. I found myself still as in a dream, standing before her in the familiar room. It was dusk, for which I was thankful, the long dusk of these gray English days. There was a gleam of low light from the windows which look west, and the full warm glow of the great fire. It shone on the silver tea-tray and samovar, on the white bear-skin by the hearth, on her as she stood there. She looked lovelier than ever I had seen her. She looked very pale and a little tired; she had what they call a tea-gown on, a thing all soft old lace and gleaming trailing satin: a thing which most becomes her, I think, of all she wears. She put her hand out to me, and I bent low over it. I said nothing; I could say nothing. She, too, seemed more silent than her wont. She murmured in a hurry, indistinctly, all sorts of little phrases: there was fever at Cannes; her grandmother was unwell; she had been so bored; it was only London emptied out by the Mediterranean; she hated the mixture of scorching sun and icy wind; she liked a fast gallop over a wet Berkshire road much better. I remember all these sentences now; at the time I do not think I heard them. I was gazing at her, and thinking how I loved her, and of how I must go out of her presence and away from her in silence. I could see no other way. All this while I never spoke a word.

"She came closer to me, in the half-glow from the fire-light and the lingering daylight, and we stood quite near together on the hearth. I still could not speak; I kissed again the hand she again held out to me; I kept thinking if she knew—if she knew! Perhaps I looked strangely, for her eyes had a startled glance in them. She said at last, in her old, pretty, quick fashion: 'Well, have you not a word to say? Are you displeased that I am home again? What have you done on the walls? Have you been very dull?' I could not have uttered a word to save my life or hers; I could only gaze at her, and I saw she grew very red—rosy red, like the hot-house camellia she had at her breast. 'Why would you not come to Cannes?' she said, without looking at me. 'I wanted you; could you not understand?' I said nothing; I could hear my heart beat as if it would break my breast, but I said nothing. Then she touched my hand with hers. 'Why will you be so proud?' I heard her say, in quite a whisper. 'You do like me a little: why don't you tell me so? I do not care what any of them think: I only care for you. We might be so happy, if you would not be so proud!' Then I fell at her feet and kissed them. Later that night I told her all the truth. I showed her all the papers; she does not mind. What is hers is mine, what is mine is hers. We will tell her own friends, but not the world; the world can think what it likes. If it deem her the most generous of all living women, it will only be right for once."

The Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"I love you already! You must come to us at Easter. He means to buy that deserted palace above Florinella and make it beautiful, so that we may often visit you. He says Bramante built it, and that you have often regretted to see it forsaken."

The Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry to Lord Llandudno, White's Club, London:

"A great scandal has been most mercifully and providentially averted. Lord Charterys—for this gentleman is indisputably Lord Charterys: I see a strong resemblance in his features to poor Alured's—behaves in the most admirable manner; he will not hear of the truth being made public. He says the world may think him the debtor of his wife if it please. It does not really matter, because, of course, either way, the first son she has will bear the same title and ultimately inherit. I am very thankful the publicity is avoided; and I reflect with pleasure that I never allowed the obscure name and place of the unknown painter to prevent my recognition of him as a high-bred gentleman. You will remember that I always said he had *l'air noble*. It will certainly be difficult, as you observe, to make society comprehend why we consent to such an apparently unequal, indeed improbable, union; but when it is known that we all approve, no one will venture on an adverse comment; every one will be aware that *I* should never give my countenance to what was either unwise or incorrect. Besides, I do not see why, in a private sort of manner, the facts should not be made known. If you think proper you can tell one or two of your friends in the window at White's, quite confidentially; it will soon be all over the town, and it will perhaps be better than to allow people to suppose a mésalliance possible to *us*. Esmée has been a great and sore anxiety to me for many years. I am thankful that my responsibility will pass at last into other hands. She is quite *extraordinarily* in love with him and obedient to him. I should never have supposed she could so change through the mere influence of a sentiment."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"You must come for Easter, and leave your sanctuary on the hills for once, to give us your benediction, my first and my holiest friend!"

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"I am thoroughly bewildered. But I heartily congratulate you both. I feel, as our beloved Transatlantics say, 'a little mixed.' When will the frescoes get finished? I suppose you forgive me?"

The Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"Yes; I forgive you even the rude nonsense you wrote. I shall always call him Renzo. We shall remain here all the summer, and he *will* finish the frescoes!"

THE END.

THE ICE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

THOSE who have braved the discomforts of Niagara in the winter are in the habit of assuring those who have not that they have missed the great cataract at its greatest. The various æsthetic nuisances which have been entailed by the commercial occupation of the shores, and which there is now a good hope of abating altogether and permanently, are mitigated and dissembled by the indiscriminate veil of the snow. The hackman, sleek with his summer's booty, hibernates and sucks his paws, to emerge with the vernal equinox lean and insatiable. The bridal parties do not invade the seclusion of the winter tourist, nor are articles of aboriginal manufacture thrust upon him. He is almost sure to be alone; and to be alone at Niagara is a hope that all tourists of sensibility have cherished, and few summer tourists have realized.

Moreover, the aspect of the cataract itself in winter is full of wonder and of mystery, even to those who know it best in summer. Nowhere else does a frosty night work such miracles in mimic architecture as in fixing the forms of the unceasing rush of waters. The shapes of the torrents as they fall and of the clouds of spray as they rise are alike arrested, and the roar of the water-fall is muffled, and its outline veiled at once and revealed in the frozen music to which its motion is converted.

Not seldom is the whole channel below the falls gorged from bank to bank with the glittering masses into which the cataract has crystallized, and sometimes these heaped masses assume the form of a practicable bridge—practicable by venturesome pedestrians alone. Ice gorges are of periodic occurrence in places subject to the same conditions as Niagara, where a powerful stream is confined between high and narrow banks. Sometimes the breaking up of these by the spring floods is a source of great danger when the dam of ice forces the water above its usual level. At Port Jervis, on the Erie Railway, a long ravine is filled in rigorous winters with a vast wedge of ice, the breaking up of which is awaited by the people of the place with alarm, although the fact that it is expected has prevented any serious disasters such as occur from the unpredictable avalanches of the Alps, where the load of snow slowly accumulates through many seasons, and when its equilibrium has at last become unstable the concussion of a pistol-shot or of a shout may precipitate the whole mass upon whatever lies below. But once or twice at Port Jervis the danger has seemed imminent enough to warrant more or less futile attempts to dislodge the gorged ice with dynamite.

Of all the "ice bridges" formed at Niagara within the memory of living men, that of this winter is said to have been the most impressive to look at. It was formed about the middle of January, and became a solid mass, or rather a close aggregation of masses, spanning the deep gorge immediately below the falls. One observer declared that it was in some places 100 feet thick; another says that it seemed to be solid from the bed of the river to a point more than fifty feet above high-water mark. Hundreds of people had crossed the structure in safety. A strong westerly wind on Sunday, January 21, increased the volume of water and ice tumbling over the falls, which attacked the bridge by burrowing at its base. The water at the foot of the fall steadily rose, until at four in the afternoon a deep rumbling showed that the tremendous and increasing pressure upon the bridge had become irresistible. The centre of the great mass—itself an enormous berg—gave way, and floated slowly down stream for about 500 yards, when it brought up with a great crash against a mass already fast in that narrower gorge. The loose ice which had been embanked above, some of it in fragments larger than a common dwelling-house, floated into the channel thus opened through the bridge, until it in turn brought up against the lower barrier. The wedging and shouldering aside of the floes by each other in the process of adjustment brought them into collision, with a continued fusillade of crushes, in which great bowlders of ice went to powder, while others meeting sent jets of ice and water in the air. By dark the gorge was again a solid mass, but now nearly two miles in extent, from the foot of the falls to below the suspension-bridge. During Sunday night loose floes were hurled over the falls and thrown on the shores, destroying the observatory and dressing-rooms at "The Shadow of the Rock," and some 200 feet of the inclined railway which gives access to that place. The house of the ferryman on the Canadian side, some seventy feet above the ordinary ice-level, was battered down, giving the inmates barely time to escape. The ferry-boats themselves were destroyed, and some of the guys of the new suspension-bridge torn from the rocks to which they had been bolted. It is said that the ice bridges of the last ten years at Niagara, all put together, would not be equivalent in mass to the glacier which now occupies two miles of the bed of the river.

THE SINKING OF THE "CIMBRIA."

THE appalling disaster in the North Sea is calculated to shake the confidence of those who "go down to the sea in ships." The *Cimbria* was one of the largest and best of the ships of the Hamburg-American line. Captain HANSEN, her commander, was regarded as a very brave and skillful officer, and though a comparatively young man, was trusted by his owners on account of his coolness and energy. The vessel was not old, having been built in 1867 by the famous firm of CAIRDS; she had seven bulk-head compartments, and was supposed to possess all the appliances for safety known to the ship-building art. Yet she went down, in fifteen minutes, in a quiet sea, carrying with her over four hundred human beings. Such an overwhelming catastrophe proves only too plainly that, with all the progress of science and mechanical ingenuity, the dangers of the ocean more than hold their own, and the thousands afloat upon its treacherous bosom run much the same risks as the men and women who set sail upon the *Mayflower* nearly three hundred years ago.

The *Cimbria* left Hamburg on the afternoon of Thursday, January 18, for New York *viâ* Havre. She is reported to have had a crew of ninety-four officers and men, and four hundred and two passengers, though the numbers are variously stated, all but a score of whom were emigrants, mostly peasants from Eastern Prussia, Posen, and Russia. She ran aground before getting out of the Elbe, but was got off without damage, and proceeded on her voyage. On Friday morning, about one o'clock, a heavy fog closed down about her when she was off the island of Borkum, on the frontier of Holland and Germany. The captain and first officer were on the bridge with the pilot. The engines were put at half speed, and subsequently again slowed, and at 2 A.M., as nearly as can be gathered from the accounts so far published, the vessel was on her proper course, going at about four knots an hour, and giving frequent fog-signals, when suddenly through the mist, only a few hundred feet distant, appeared the green lights of an approaching steamer. The helm was put to port and the engines reversed; but in less than a minute the other vessel struck the *Cimbria*, nearly at right angles, about forty feet from the bow. The blow was like that of an armored ram. It crashed through the port side with such force as to keel the vessel over to the starboard until her decks were under water. The greater number of passengers were of course asleep. Those of them who could escape from below rushed to the deck, frantic with terror, but many others must have sunk with the ship. The captain retained his self-command, and the discipline of the crew seems to have been excellent. While the first officer held torches to light those who sought the boats, the second officer was cutting away spars and rigging for floats. Four of the eight boats were either crushed or rendered useless. The others were lowered with great difficulty, owing to the keeling of the vessel, and one of them capsized as soon as it reached the water. In a quarter of an hour all that could be done was done. The noble vessel went down in ninety feet of water, and of her precious freight only fifty-six were saved. Thirty of these escaped in one of the boats, nine in a second, and seventeen in another. The sea was covered with the dead or dying, and many who succeeded in clinging to the floating fragments perished from cold in the icy water. The captain must have gone down with his vessel, as he was last seen standing at his post on the bridge, and no trustworthy tidings of his escape have been received.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1358.

The vessel which sank the *Cimbria* was a freight steamer, the *Sultan*, Captain Cuttil, from Hull to Cuxhaven. The *Sultan* was of 1000 tons burden, and was heavily loaded with coals. Her captain and the crew refused to give any information as to the disaster to the agents of the press, but a statement has been made through another captain. According to this, the *Sultan* was going slowly, and sounding frequent signals, when the *Cimbria*, without warning, appeared two ship's-lengths off in nearly a direct line, approaching rapidly. The latter vessel, says Captain Cuttil, changed her course and crossed the bows of the *Sultan*, collided with and severely injured her. He also says that he remained as near the scene as he could until eight o'clock the next morning, but heard no cries, and saw none of the passengers or crew, dead or living, from the sunken vessel. This story is, to say the least, highly improbable. A careful examination of the reported courses and positions of the two vessels immediately before and after the collision shows that no such damage as was done could have resulted from the *Cimbria's* striking the *Sultan* diagonally when the latter was going at only four knots an hour. The conflict of testimony as to the subsequent action of the *Sultan* is irreconcilable. Her captain says he made constant signals with lights and whistle; the *Cimbria's* survivors unite in saying that they heard none. The latter testify to hearing piercing cries until all the unfortunates upon the surface of the sea were silent in death; the captain of the *Sultan* declares that he heard no sound. The mystery which thus surrounds the conduct of the vessel which escaped from the awful collision is most painful. It is hard to believe that any sailor could have been so stony-hearted as to steam away from hundreds of his fellow-creatures crying to him from the darkness. If that can be proved against him, death would be a trifling penalty for his crime.

While the conduct of the officers and crew of the *Cimbria* appears to have been in every way worthy, the owners of the line have a very grave responsibility resting upon them. It is plain that there was not an adequate number of boats or rafts for the number of passengers on board; and though those which were provided proved to some extent unavailable, the lack of others remains inexcusable. It is a sad commentary upon what is commonly called the tendency of the age to the care of human life that the lives of emigrants are so recklessly risked. There is a callousness in this regard which it seems impossible to overcome, but which this last and most terrible warning ought to penetrate.

THE CINCINNATI OPERA FESTIVAL.

When they get an opera company in Cincinnati they make the most of it. We call an extended series of operatic performances an opera season; the Cincinnatians call eight operatic performances an Operatic Festival. They lay a parquet floor in Music Hall, build a proscenium and boxes, get together a chorus of two hundred voices, an orchestra of a hundred, and the season becomes a Festival. In other respects the scheme is quite ordinary. Not only has no new work been produced, but at least three of the stock operas have been given with an *ensemble* that would not be tolerated here. With the exception of Madame Albani, all the leading artists have been heard in New York last season. They are, besides Madame Albani, Madame Patti, Madame Fursch-Madi, and Madame Scalchi; Signor Mierzwinski, Signor Ravelli, and Signor Galassi. These artists were the strength of the Festival, as they were of our season. No basso is included in the list. In this respect Colonel Mapleson's company is very weak. M. Durat, who sang Assur in *Semiramide*, has a strong voice, but it is rough in quality and poorly schooled, while Signor Monti, who sang the King in the wofully mediocre performance of *Lohengrin* at the Academy last season, is only a conscientious singer of the second order. There is also but one barytone in the above list—Signor Galassi. As this noble artist could not be called upon to sing at every performance, Signor Ciampi-Cellaj was cast for several important parts. This singer came out of the New York season with the unqualified disapproval of audiences and critics. He is the first barytone I heard sing the cavatina in *Il Trovatore* without being encored.

The interest of the Festival centered in the four great artists who took part—Madame Patti, Madame Albani, Madame Scalchi, and Signor Galassi.

Madame Patti, both of whose parents were singers, was born in Madrid, February 19, 1843. "But the first language I spoke was English," she said, in an interview with the famous Viennese critic, Eduard Hauslick; "for in 1844 already our family came to New York with the impressario of the Chambers Street Opera-house." When asked if she was taken to the theatre as a child, she replied: "Yes, often. Whenever my mother sang I used to get so excited over the performances that I could not sleep. When I thought all my family asleep, I got up, lit a night-lamp in front of the mirror, put on an old scarlet coat of my father's and an operatic hat of my mother's, and went through all the gestures I had caught from my mother's performance, humming over the melodies. Sometimes I got through the whole opera, and applauded myself, and threw crumpled newspapers at myself for bouquets. Once unfortunately I applauded so loudly that I woke up Carlotta, and got a scolding."

When she was seven years of age her parents, who had been left destitute by the disappearance of their manager, thought the little girl, who was always singing about the house, might prove a resource to them. So a concert was given at Tripler Hall. Standing on a table in order that people might see how small she was, Adelina sang "Casta Diva" and "Una Voce." At fifteen years of age, November 24, 1859, she appeared at the Academy of Music as Lucia. Nearly twenty-three years later, on the 6th of November last, she was heard again at the Academy in the part in which she made her début. From the ambitious débutante she had become one of the world's most famous soprani.

One does not criticise the nightingale's singing; no more does one criticise the singing of Adelina Patti. She has long been acknowledged complete mistress of all the arts of vocalization. She might be called the Sarah Bernhardt of the operatic stage, for, like Sarah Bernhardt's acting, her singing is the apotheosis of applied science. All she does has been calculated to a nicety, but upon every personation she has bestowed those charms of which only one so bountifully endowed as she has command. She has the art of seeming artless, of giving to what is pure art the semblance of spontaneity. It is perhaps in the perfect ease and freedom of her singing—the total absence of effort—that the principal charm of her personations lies.

Madame Albani is a French Canadian by birth, as is shown by her maiden name, La Jeunesse. She was educated at the convent in Montreal, receiving, when twelve years of age, a gold medal for musical composition. Later her father left Montreal and came to Albany. From him she had lessons on the piano and the harp, and also in singing. His musical lessons and piano-tuning not proving as lucrative as he had hoped, and recognizing the beauty of his daughter's voice, he arranged to have her appear in a concert at Troy. In this concert she played on the piano and harp, and sang. So great was her success that she gave another concert in Albany, soon afterward. This led to her engagement as organist at St. Joseph's Church in that city. Later, the position of soprano soloist was added to her duties as organist. She also sang with the choir of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Brignoli chanced to hear her, and recognizing the beautiful quality of her voice, recommended a course of foreign study. As she was too poor to defray the expenses of instruction abroad, a complimentary concert was arranged for her. From the proceeds she was enabled to go to Paris, where she studied under the tenor Duprez. Afterward she studied two summers in Italy with Lampatti, through whose assistance she made her début as Amina in Malta. She sang in Italy, in Russia, and in London with great success. She appeared here in opera, under Strakosch, during the season of 1874–5. Since then she has achieved many triumphs in London and on the Continent.

Madame Sofia Scalchi, who appeared as Ortruda in *Lohengrin*, and Arsace in *Semiramide* on Thursday, was born at Turin, in 1852, of parents whose love and talent for music were very pronounced. She was precocious, and her precocity being readily recognized by her parents, she was placed under Madame Boccabadati for instruction. In her sixteenth year already she appeared at Mantua, and subsequently at Naples, Milan, and Turin. Within a year thereafter Colonel Mapleson secured her services for London. Under his management she also visited the English, Scotch, and Irish cities, remaining with him another season. Then she went to St. Petersburg, where she became such a favorite that she was induced to stay there nine consecutive seasons. After that she divided her time between Madrid, Vienna, and Warsaw. Year before last she was engaged at a thousand dollars a night to sing in Rio Janeiro. Every effort was made to retain her there, but she determined to join the Mapleson company here. On the voyage the vessel was nearly shipwrecked, and in consequence of the rough passage she was so prostrated that she was unable to appear in New York until toward the close of the season, when she was heard in *Semiramide* and *Linda di Chamouni*.

Madame Scalchi is among contralti what Madame Patti is among soprani. She has a pure, rich, large contralto voice, which, while superb in its power, is no less remarkable for its flexibility. This union of power and flexibility is rarely found in a contralto, and easily places Madame Scalchi in the foremost ranks of operatic artists.

Signor Galassi was only twelve years old when he had the pleasure of being patted on the head by Pope Pius IX., and of being called by him a "contraltuccio di prima sfera." This occurred during a visit paid by Pius to Loreto, where Galassi was born in 1845. At the outbreak of the war for liberty, Galassi, like his friend Campanini, joined Garibaldi's forces. His dashing bravery and genial good-fellowship made him a great favorite with his comrades. At the camp fire he used to regale them with songs and snatches of opera, which he executed in the weird light with dramatic gestures. After the war he again joined his family, which had settled in Faenza. At a concert there a rich nobleman was charmed with Galassi's voice, and furnished him with the means to study at Bologna under Bianchi. A year later he made his début at the Lodi in *La Straniera*. Soon afterward he went with a company to Brazil, where he at first sang subordinate parts. His talent was, however, soon recognized, and at Bahia he scored a brilliant success as Carlo in *Ernani*. From Brazil he went to Milan, where he remained until 1874, when he was engaged by Colonel Mapleson. He is one of the finest barytones on the operatic stage. Like Madame Scalchi's contralto voice, his barytone is flexible as well as powerful. He is, moreover, an admirable actor. His versatility is remarkable.

Signor Ravelli is an excellent tenore di grazia; he has a light, sympathetic voice, and sings easily, clearly, and purely. Signor Mierzwinski is remarkable for the fine quality of his high notes, and the passion and fervor of his singing and acting in high-wrought scenes. In subdued scenes he is uninteresting and commonplace. His Arnoldo in *Tell* is a superb performance throughout, and his Lohengrin often rises to a high level of power. Madame Fursch-Madi is a soprano who is remarkable for the dramatic expression of her singing and her fine acting. The musical directors, Signor Arditi and Mr. Otto Singer, are well known. G. K.

THE MONTREAL ICE CARNIVAL.

Montreal in winter hardly needs the aid of an ice carnival to make it attractive. Its dry, crisp atmosphere—no colder at zero than that of New York at twenty above—its garment of snow, and its gay out-of-door life present all the charm of novelty to the ordinary visitor from the States. Every turn reveals some new and picturesque situation. Snow covers the streets from house to house. If there is a city ordinance requiring the sidewalks to be cleaned, it is not enforced, and one may take the choice of breaking his neck upon the icy foot-path or being run over by the dashing sleighs in the roadway. Conveyances of every kind are on runners, and sleighs to hire are as plenty and as cheap as cabs in London or Paris. One may secure a cab sleigh holding three or four persons, with driver, one horse, and five or six buffalo-robes, for one dollar the first hour, and seventy-five cents each additional hour; and at the tremendous speed at which even the hack horses go, one may take a sufficiently long drive in an hour and a half—sufficiently long, that is, to be thoroughly chilled if he is not protected with furs and arctics against the piercing cold. No one in Montreal hesitates to wrap up. Fur is the common head-covering, and a tall silk hat only exposes the wearer to derision and frost-bitten ears. When well wrapped, however, one may enjoy the cold and take as much pleasure in the famous drive around the Mountain as though it were midsummer, and the distant St. Lawrence were not a broad sheet of ice.

In past years relatively few Americans have seen Montreal in winter dress. and the impression has generally prevailed in the States that from November to June Canada was cold, rigorous, and uninviting. It has been to remove this mistaken notion, and to give American visitors an opportunity to become acquainted with the characteristic features of a Canadian winter, that the late Ice Carnival was planned. If any one person is entitled to the credit of projecting the scheme, it is Mr. R. D. M'Gibbon, a young Montreal lawyer and member of the Snow-shoe Club, who proposed at the annual meeting of that club last year that a week of Canadian sports should be held in the winter of 1883. The idea was taken up by the various snow-shoe, tobogganing, curling, skating, hockey, and trotting clubs, and committees were appointed to prepare a plan of operations. When this was arranged it embraced skating and curling matches, trotting races on the St. Lawrence, snow-shoe parades and steeple-chases, tobogganing for the public, a fancy-dress skating carnival, a grand ball at the Windsor Hotel, a concert of French *chansons* by the Snow-shoe Club, and the construction of a building from blocks of solid ice, which should be not only a novelty in American architecture, but the most conspicuous feature of the Carnival itself.

While a glance at the palace satisfies the observer, one may linger long over his enjoyment of the Canadian sports. Of these the foremost and chiefest is of course toboggan. One who has never tobogganed, even though he has seen others indulging in it, can not begin to understand its wonderful exhilaration. The sensation of plunging down a nearly perpendicular precipice at the rate of over a mile a minute, with only a quarter-inch bass-wood board between one and the icy ground, and hardly as much as that, it seems, between one and eternity, is simply indescribable. One takes a long breath at the start, but it is soon gone. He gasps, and chokes, and shuts his eyes, and prays for the twenty-three seconds which it takes to accomplish the descent to come to an end, and when it has come to an end he toils up to the top of the hill and tries it over again. With the second or third time he gains more breath and experience, and finds it increasingly fascinating. The toboggan is the materialized whirlwind, and it is no wonder that people enjoy the sensation of riding it.

During Carnival week the private tobogganing slides have been thrown open to the public, so that visitors have had an unusually favorable opportunity to indulge in the sport. Nothing could be more animating or picturesque than the sight of one of these slides at night, lit up by Chinese lanterns and bonfires, and crowded with gay tobogganers, to whose shouts and cries the skir-r-r of the toboggan over the ice plays a sort of unmusical accompaniment. It is not only on the private slides, however, that the sport is practiced. On the hills around the city every man is his own tobogganer, and in vacant lots, wherever there is a declivity a little longer than the toboggan itself, boys may be seen guiding its swift flight down the hill, or laboriously pulling it up after them. Accidents are not as common as one would think. The thin flexible wood readily adapts itself to the undulations in the ground, and with practice in steering one runs but few risks. As between the coasting bob of New England and the toboggan of Canada, the element of safety seems greatly in favor of the latter.

One can understand the fascinations of toboggan, but it is less easy to account for the popularity of the snow-shoe pastime—if indeed it may be called a pastime. Why men should enjoy tramping over frozen snow with what seem to be tennis racquets flapping at their heels does not readily appear, nor is the utility of the extraordinary costume in which they get themselves up any more obvious. The snow-shoe is indispensable, no doubt, in the open country, but to employ it for amusement in the cities would seem to be making rather a toil of pleasure; and to indulge in a snow-shoe steeple-chase—if one may judge from the jaded appearance of the men at the finish of Wednesday's race—must be one of the severest of all human experiences. Notwithstanding this, however, there are eight snow-shoe clubs represented in the Carnival, which at the torch-light parade on Wednesday night turned out over one thousand devotees of the sport. A wonderfully picturesque display they made with their white blanket coats and knickerbockers, red or blue leggings, blue tasseled caps, and yellow buckskin shoes, and one could not but think of the sensation which their appearance would create in New York. It would not be a bad idea for some one of the New York athletic societies to extend an invitation to its Canadian brethren to visit the metropolis during the next snow-storm. The occasion of the snow-shoe parade was made the occasion also of the inauguration of the ice palace, and the spectacle of Dominion Square illuminated by the flickering glare of the snow-shoers' torches and Bengal lights, and by the more brilliant electric rays that shone through the palace walls, presented a picture the singular beauty of which not even the thickly falling snow could dim.

Next to the grand ball at the Windsor, which took place on Friday night, and which can hardly be said to have presented any peculiarly Canadian features, the most elegant spectacle of the week was presented at the skating carnival on Thursday evening in the Victoria Rink. Whatever may be the attractions of tobogganing, curling, snow-shoeing, and the other sports, there is, after all, no more delightful exercise than skating, whether one engages in it himself or only watches the performance of others; and when the charms of music and fancy costume are added to the skater's graceful evolutions, the scene becomes indescribable in its exhilaration and picturesque effects. From such a spectacle of beauty and poetic motion the New York visitor comes away, as he does indeed from the entire Carnival celebration, with emotions of envy and regret. If the four or five days which he has spent in Montreal are a fair specimen of the Canadian winter—and there is no reason to doubt that they are—they present a strong temptation for one to exchange the penetrating New York winds and violent alternations of warmth and cold for the more equable if colder climate of the Dominion. Eliot McCormick.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A young woman of Boston has written a four-act play, to be performed by seven girls. In the first act the girls talk separately. In the second and succeeding acts they all talk at once. It is difficult to understand how the play can possess sufficient merit to compensate for the glaring improbability which runs through its first quarter.

It is announced that the Emperor William intends to appoint the Prince of Wales chief of the Blucher Hussars, as a memento of his visit to Berlin. If the Prince accepts, it will be, of course, with the tacit understanding that he is not to be expected to turn out with the boys on midsummer occasions, and march all day with a green cabbage leaf in his cap to keep off sunstroke.

A Southern newspaper ventures to hope that since one of the framers of its State Constitution has been raised to the bench, that bewildering document will get what it has never had—a satisfactory interpretation. This item contains a hint which might be utilized, perhaps, in connection with the new Penal Code of the Empire State.

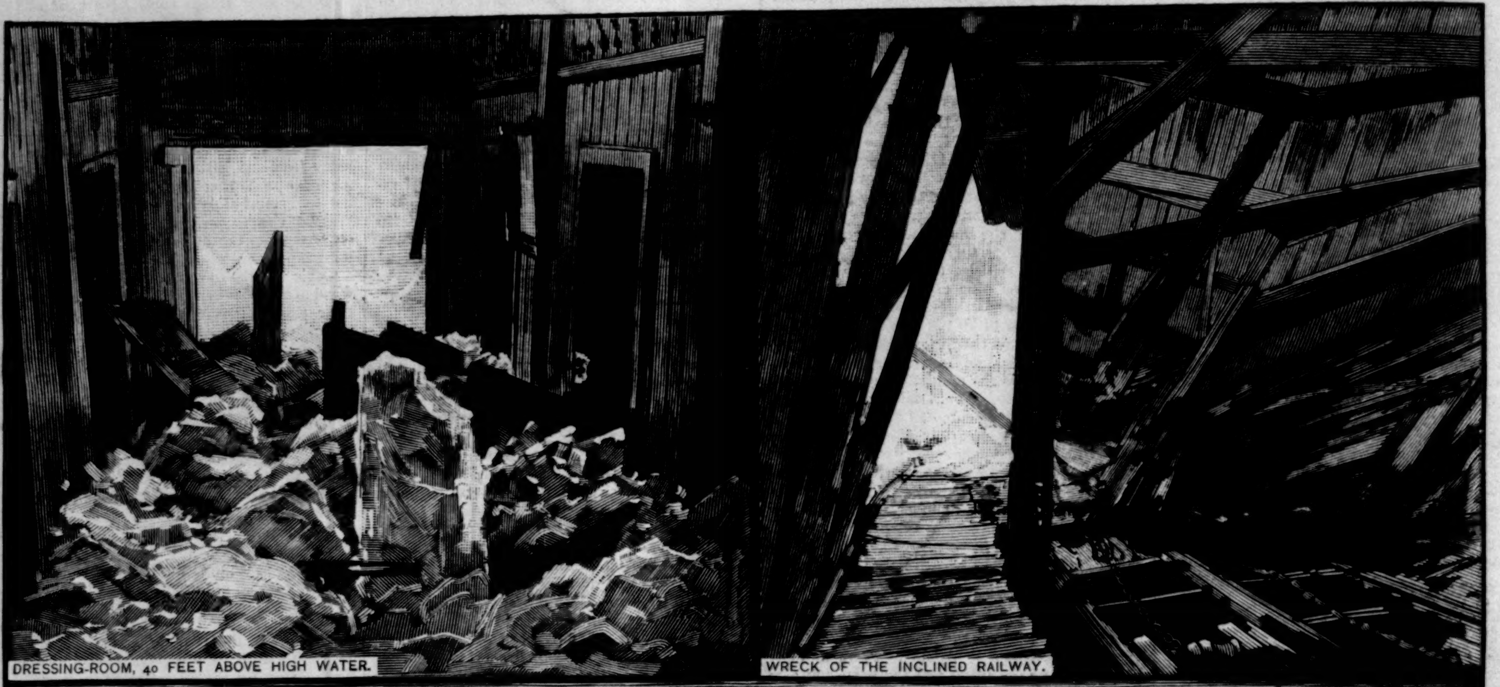
It costs Ohio two dollars more per pupil to educate the rising generation than it costs Wisconsin; but the schools of the latter State do not claim to fit their graduates for the profession of holding government appointments without supplementary practical training.

The best of order prevailed in the House of Representatives during the period for which Mr. Smalls, of South Carolina, was recently called to the Speaker's chair. Being congratulated upon this fact subsequently, he said, "White men don't like to be ordered by a colored man to keep quiet."

An ingenuous Frenchman announces himself as the author of a scheme for an "oral journal." Having never attended a tea party in New England, nor spent an evening sitting on a mackerel keg in a Western village grocery, he fancies that he has hit upon something novel.

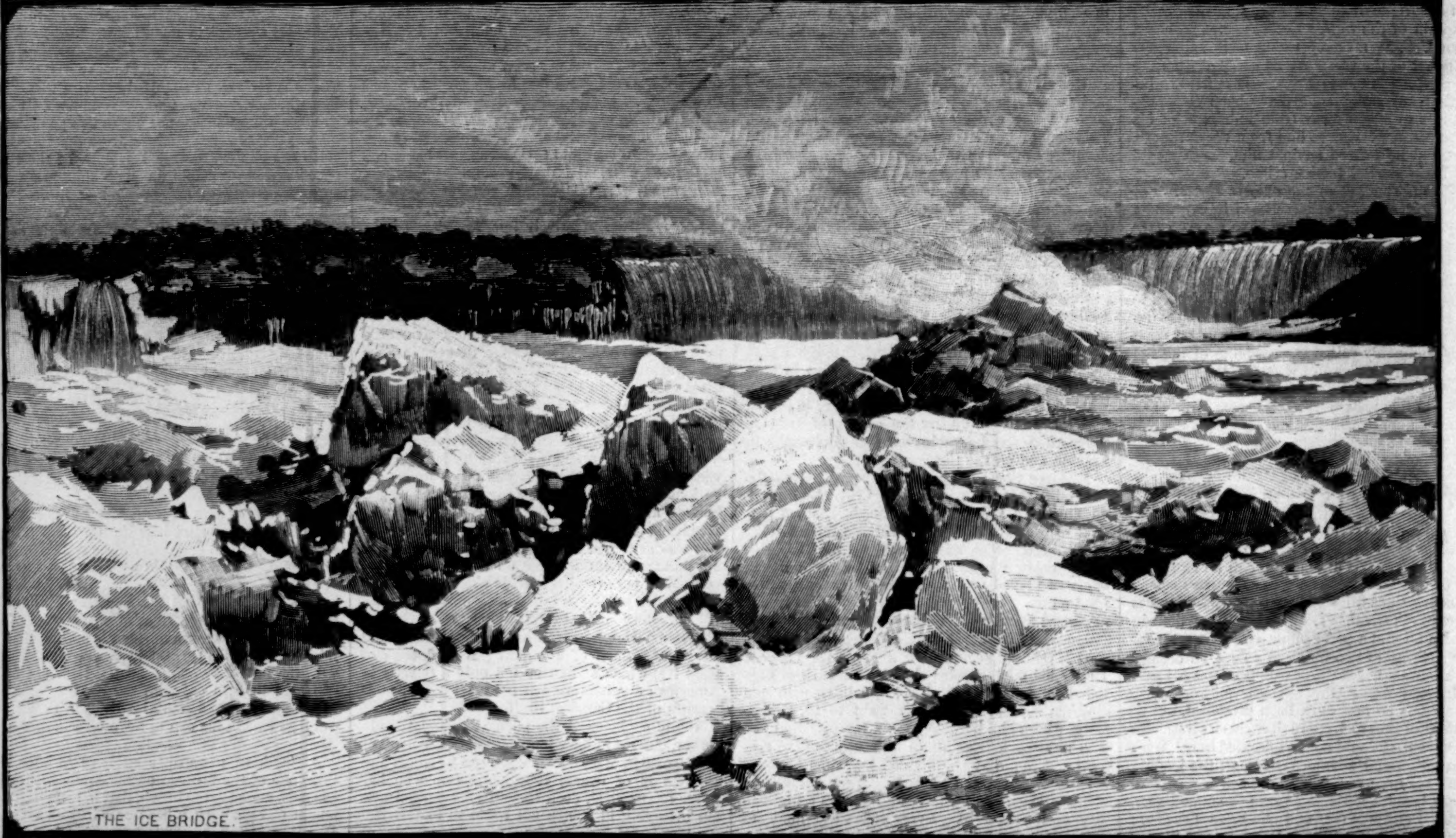
Another story of variation in the marriage ceremony comes from Louisiana, where a colored preacher is said to have asked the groom, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife, and vote for the Hon. Taylor Beattie for Congress?" The man assented, and the ceremony was completed.

The enterprising Chicago highwayman believes in keeping his advantage when once he has gained it. A Swede named Petersen was stopped in a street of that city a few nights ago by a man who demanded his money. Petersen had none to give, and the highwayman took him into custody, marched him to a police station, and had him locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct.

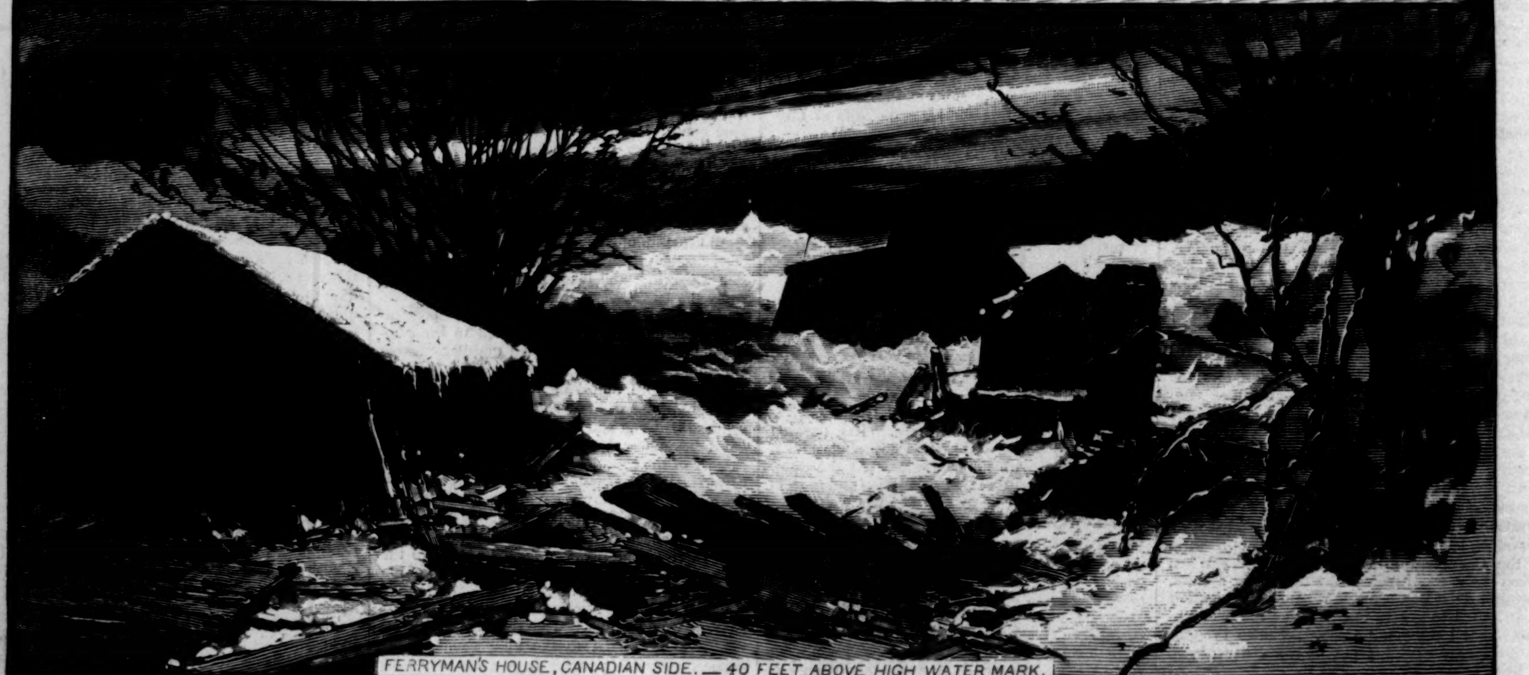


DRESSING-ROOM, 40 FEET ABOVE HIGH WATER.

WRECK OF THE INCLINED RAILWAY.

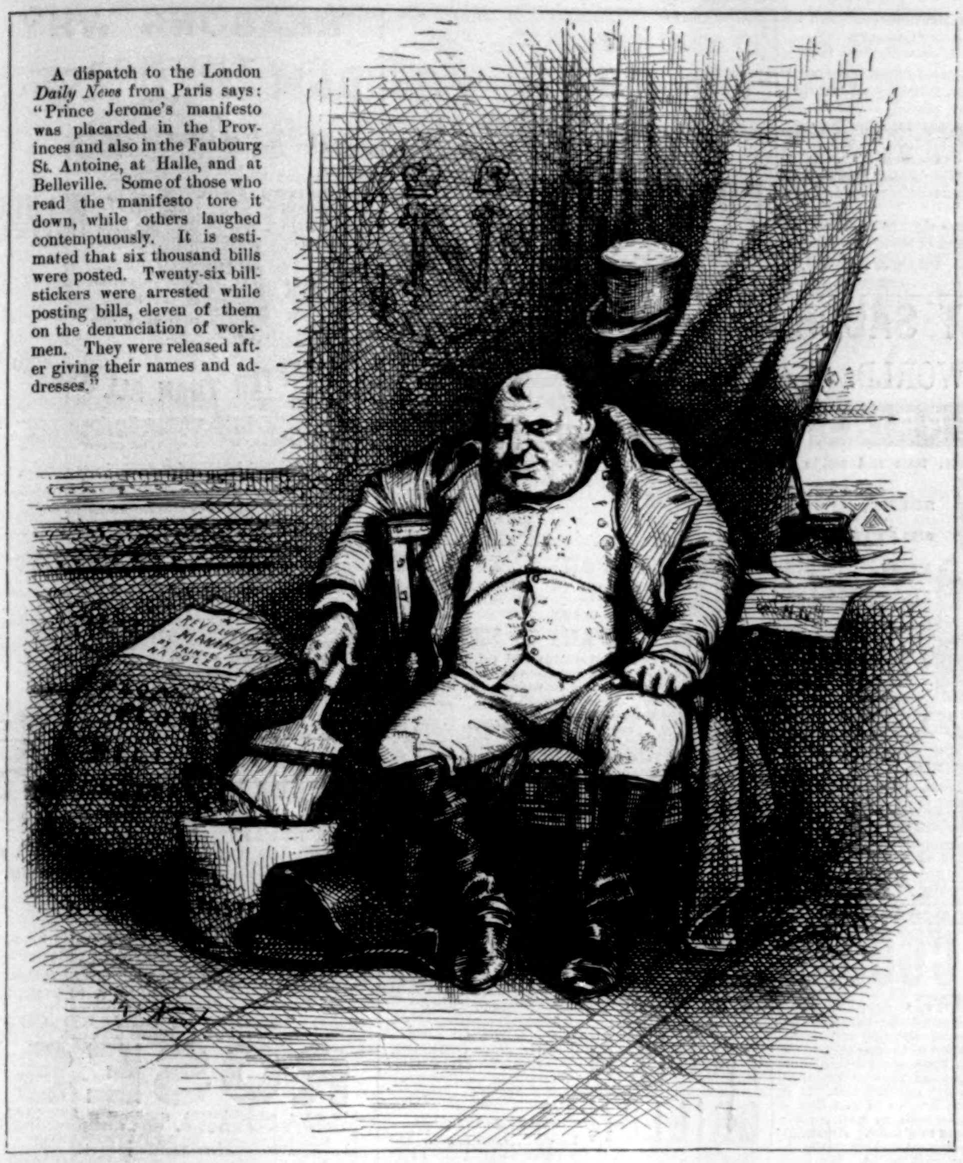


THE ICE BRIDGE.



FERRYMAN'S HOUSE, CANADIAN SIDE.—40 FEET ABOVE HIGH WATER MARK.

THE ICE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.—From Photographs by George Barker.—[See Page 74.]


REVOLUTIONARY MANIFESTO BY PRINCE NAPOLEON
N

A dispatch to the London *Daily News* from Paris says: "Prince Jerome's manifesto was placarded in the Provinces and also in the Faubourg St. Antoine, at Halle, and at Belleville. Some of those who read the manifesto tore it down, while others laughed contemptuously. It is estimated that six thousand bills were posted. Twenty-six bill-stickers were arrested while posting bills, eleven of them on the denunciation of workmen. They were released after giving their names and addresses."

A RAY OF HOPE.

Uncle Sam. "Come to our American Republic if you are ambitious to be a bill-poster. You may surfeit yourself, and no one will interfere."

SIX SOUTHERN SENATORS.

The six United States Senators from the South whose portraits are given on this page have been honored by a re-election to their high position for another term. They are all lawyers, and, with the exception of Messrs. **Garland** and **Saulsbury**, have served in the Confederate army. The youngest of the group is Mr. **Butler**, who is in his forty-seventh year, and the eldest, Mr. **Saulsbury**, who is nearly sixty-five. Between the two are Mr. **Garland**, fifty-one, Mr. **Coke**, fifty-four, Mr. **Ransom**, fifty-six, and Mr. **Morgan**, fifty-nine. Messrs. **Garland** and **Morgan** were born in Tennessee, Mr. **Coke** in Virginia, and the others in the States they represent.

Senator **Morgan** has resided in Alabama since he was a boy of nine. When twenty-one years of age he was admitted to the bar, and practiced until his election to the Senate. He was a Presidential Elector in 1860, and voted for **Breckinridge** and **Lane**; was a delegate in 1861 to the State Convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession. He joined the Confederate army as a private, but was promoted finally to be a brigadier-general. After the war he resumed his practice at Selma. In 1876 he was again chosen a Presidential Elector, and voted for **Tilden** and **Hendricks**. One year later he was elected to the United States Senate.

Senator **Garland**'s parents emigrated to Arkansas when the little fellow was scarcely a year old. The lad was educated in Kentucky, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. He was a member of the Secession Convention of his State, of the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, Alabama, in May, 1861, and subsequently of the Confederate Congress, first in the House and afterward in the Senate. In 1866 he was elected to the United States Senate, but was refused a seat. He followed his profession until 1874, when he was elected Governor of Arkansas, and two years later he was chosen Senator.

Senator **Saulsbury**, of Delaware, was educated in the common and select schools and at Dickinson College. He studied and practiced law, was a member of the State Legislature in 1853 and 1854, and in 1871 took his seat in the United States Senate. In 1876 he was re-elected, and on March 4 he will enter upon still another term. Senator **Saulsbury** is a man of ability, of fine presence, and polished manners.

Senator **Ransom** received an academic education, was graduated from the University of North Carolina when twenty-one years of age, and soon afterward was admitted to the bar. He was a planter as well as a lawyer. He was Attorney-General for his State from 1852 to 1855, a member of the Legislature from 1858 to 1860, and a Peace Commissioner to the Congress of Southern States in 1861. He has been in the United States Senate continuously from April 24, 1872. A recent writer says of him: "In scholarship, taste, and culture he has had no superior in the history of his State, while as an advocate he is eloquent, powerful, and a consummate master of the effective weapons found in raillery and invective. Like Athenian **Cimon**, who was equally victorious on sea and land, General **Ransom** has shone in such various fields of action that it is difficult to determine his merit in any one." The degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by his alma mater, the North Carolina University, a few years ago.

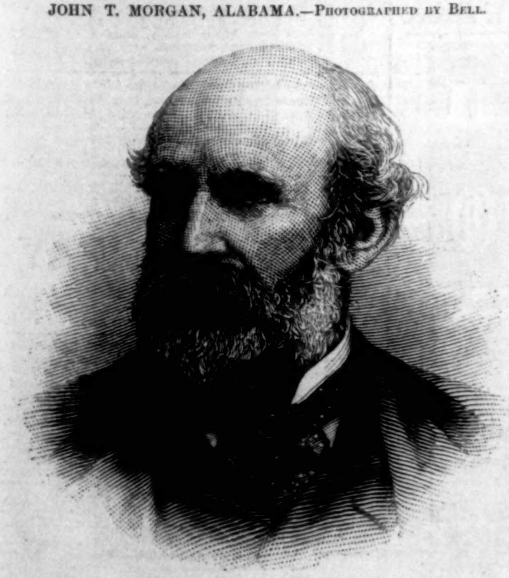
Senator **Butler** received a classical education at the Edgefield Academy, and afterward an incomplete course at the South Carolina College. He studied law at Stonelands, and began practice in his twenty-first year. Three years later he was chosen a member of the State Legislature, was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in 1870, and in 1877 became the successor of Mr. **Robertson** in the United States Senate.

Senator **Coke** did not remove from Virginia to Texas until he had been graduated at William and Mary College and admitted to the bar. He has since practiced law constantly when not in the public service. He joined the Confederate army as a private, and afterward was made a captain. In 1865 he was appointed District Judge, and the following year was chosen Judge of the State Supreme Court, but was removed by General **Sheridan** as "an impediment to reconstruction." In 1867 he returned to the practice of the law. He was made Governor of Texas in 1873 by 50,000 majority, and in 1876 was re-elected by 102,000 majority. Two months later he was elected to the United States Senate, and in the following December he resigned his seat as Governor to take his new position. He is said to be a man of great executive ability.

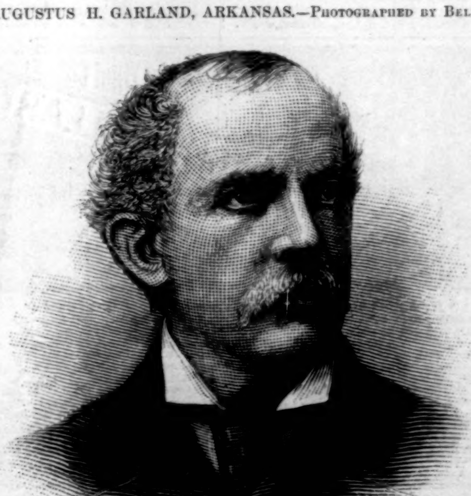
JOHN T. MORGAN, ALABAMA.—Photographed by Bell.

AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND, ARKANSAS.—Photographed by Bell.

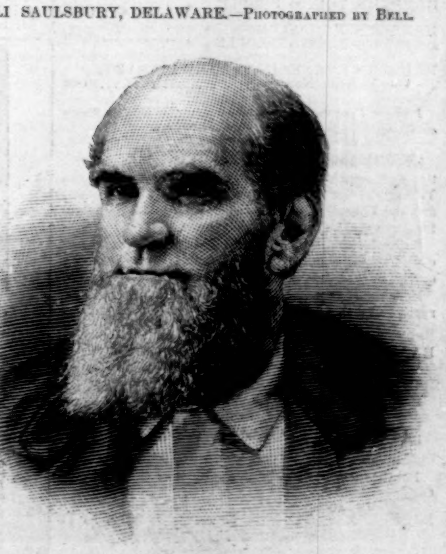
ELI SAULSBURY, DELAWARE.—Photographed by Bell.



MATT W. RANSOM, NORTH CAROLINA.—Photographed by Bell.



M. C. BUTLER, SOUTH CAROLINA.—Photographed by Bell.



RICHARD COKE, TEXAS.—Photographed by Marks.

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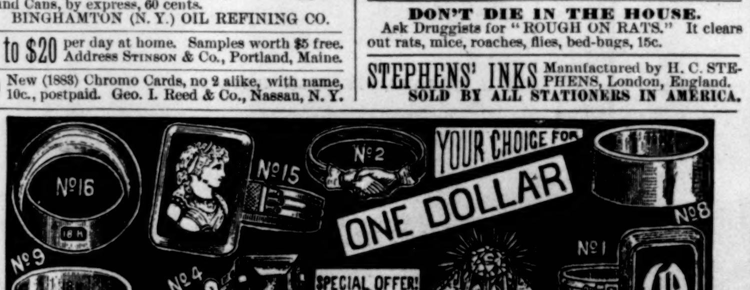

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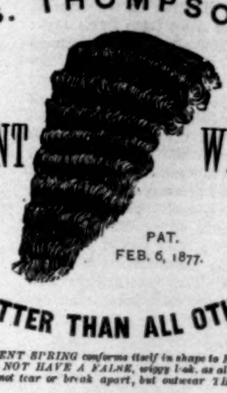

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CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

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We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

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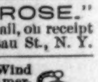
Beautiful new set of *Gilt Palettes*, by mail, on receipt of two 3c. stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.



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50 Large Cromos, New and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. VANN & CO., New Haven, Conn.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, **10c.** SNOW & CO., Meriden, Ct.

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30 Fine White Gold-Edge Cards, name on, **10c.** Sample Book, 25c. M. SHAW & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

WHICH LATELY APPEARED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Have been the means of attracting the attention of thousands of intelligent families who have taken advantage of the extraordinary offer of sending the Soap by mail for trial:—

Thousands of letters have already been received from Subscribers of Harper's Weekly who having made the required promises, have each received in return a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap, *in accordance with the most liberal offer ever made to the public.*

◆

Although it is very expensive to send the Soap out for trial this way, it is believed to be the cheapest and quickest way of getting it introduced, AND THE OFFER IS STILL OPEN TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET WRITTEN.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS NO HUMBUG OR IT WOULD NOT BE ALLOWED IN THIS PAPER

And remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed for it in this advertisement, and positively contains nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics

And is a Godsend to Housekeepers and Servant Girls

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that **it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, remember that with
The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water are enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove **the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag: use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE-CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paint, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant thing for this purpose that can be used.

For Washing Bed-clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—**but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.**

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last longer, **and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

IT IS ELEGANT for washing Printers' Rollers, for washing the Ink from Type, Electrotypes, etc., and for washing Printing Ink from the hands.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—*one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.*

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other Soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.
For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid;* it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap causes; it leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.
It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

Persons who despise a musty sponge or wash-rag will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat-Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing grease spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes telescope lenses and Photographers' plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design, for washing brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other Soap (not even Castile) must be used.

Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oilcloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, and they will last much longer.

Use it for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Milk Pans and all Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun.

It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in Harper's Weekly.
Only send for One Cake, and make these *2* promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

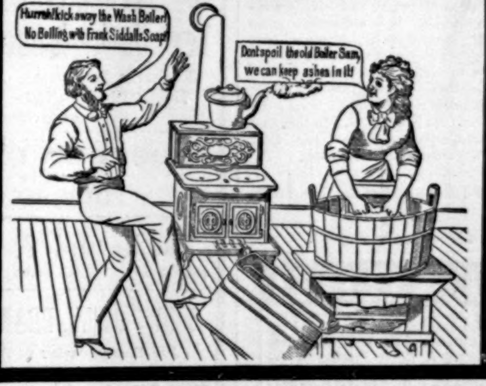
Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have NOT made the promises, or have sent for more than one cake.
Make the promises very plain or the Soap will NOT be sent.
A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

NO INTELLIGENT WOMAN WILL REFUSE TO TRY SUCH A CLEAN, SENSIBLE INVENTION.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for,
but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.
You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.

☞ And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike, FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.

Next, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE the BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.